THE WIND AND THE RAIN

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EDITED BY NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

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Edited by NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

VOLUME III SPRING, 1947 NUMBER 4

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN is published quarterly in January, April, July and October, by the Phœnix Press, and edited from 15 Newton Court, London, W.8 (Western 2928). Subscription rates are £10 for life, or 8s. 6d. per annum. In U.S.A. copies may be bought direct from our sole American distributors, Circle, 2252 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, California. Back numbers and advertisement rates may be obtained on application. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, if their return is desired. Young writers are welcomed, and a verdict on all work is given within a month.

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EDITORIAL

A CATCH phrase such as ' planning for tomorrow ' usually implies procrastination for today. Others such as ' learning for its own sake ' or ' the ideals of character ' (both taken from the Norwood Report) are like rumbling hackney-coaches : creaking and hollow. Indeed, these tags are but successors to the worn out doctrines of *laissez-faire* and ' progress ' : their effectual honours are those gained by time, not merit. It is therefore as well at the start of an editorial leader upon reconstruction to begin by examining what, apart from material necessities, man needs if he is to reach his full height : obviously he cannot live by bread alone. Of the latter, too, enough has been written as regards the means, but so little heed given to the ends by Members of Parliament that a continual ding-dong battle is waged in which both the electorate and the government argue about means leading to unspecified ends. Of this comparatively recently, in three separate spheres, examples have been provided.

In the Abercrombie and Forshaw blue-print submitted to the L.C.C. for the rebuilding of London it was apparent that the architects had asked themselves how much London need be altered to remain the same. They forgot to make the one essential point : how long could a city of such mass remain at a static size without waning? Again, in the Nuremberg trials it was apparent during the summing up that the jury had returned their verdict on a judgment by which the crimes of those accused had been measured by the standards of peace, war and humanity. They forgot to make the one essential point : to what extent were the crimes perpetuated contrary to the natural order and the laws of God? Again, in the growing number of debates in the past war it was apparent that in mining all that mattered to politicians was that the coal should be fed to its plant without pause. They forgot to make the one essential point : how much longer under prevailing conditions could the miner be asked to survive? In each case, had these points been pondered, the solutions sought might have been more easily found. As it was, the essential was forgotten and predominance given to the less important. That trait—so current in university circles—had, it seems, percolated into public life : a lack of serious purpose due more to a dread, than to a fear of looking inward, and for which those who reply that the cause is *angst* apologise rather than excuse themselves. As the roots are considerably deeper than this, a study of the architect, jurist, politician and miner may not come amiss : for they represent in embryo—in as much as all men have within them the poet, the priest and the ploughman—the archetypes of modern

society. But it should be stated here that the former have not usurped the roles of the latter prototypes and that what is needed for the future is a synthesis whereby the vision, sanctity, and integrity of one group may be carried into the plans, laws, politics and industries of the other. For such a fusion there are signs that the time for its possible achievement is nigh. Already this civilization is moving away from neo-technics, that is to say from pure engineering, towards an era in which the biological sciences are, and will be, more increasingly applied. However, to enlarge this theme here—it is subject for a book alone—is beyond the scope of this leader, but a hint of the direction this trend is taking may be given by way of the cinema. The development of the film in the last twenty years has been extensive : moreover it stands for a piece of technology in which its use, as opposed to that of the modern hydro-turbine, is not merely confined to driving an engine, but is also orientated towards the culture of life as a whole : it recruits aid economic, psychological and æsthetic as well as merely mechanical. That, regrettably, this invention is often exploited is scarcely the fault of its originators. At any rate, along these lines, and through the organic development of similar materials, there seems to lie a narrow, but possible way through the existing wreckage. After all, existence is common to everyone, and those who believe that the world is beyond repair have already bartered their souls with the Devil. While the seeds still take shape in the soil and the grass continues to grow green, there is hope, and only those are helpless who are hopeless... First then, the architect.

A glance at the city, and immediately the traveller's eye is caught in a web of different architectural styles : the symmetrical severity of Baroque roof lines follows the more rugged and buttressed cathedrals of the mediæval ages, and, in this manner, looking back, so to say, in retrospect the same traveller may observe how the city takes form and develops in the minds of succeeding generations. But perhaps even now the word ' city ' has been used inadvertently : a definition that covers both Oslo and Dublin as well as London and New York is obviously today anachronistic, for whereas the former cities still have a positive effect in the communal life of their citizens, in the latter two civic life is almost at a halt. Mass building has so outrun reason that Henry Miller's telling description of America as an ' air conditioned nightmare ' begins to take on a universal meaning. Elsewhere this writer further elaborates such a conception in his book, *The Tropic of Cancer*—a work, it is worth noting, which is banned both in the United States and Great Britain. In it, having presented the loneliness which envelops the ordinary man after his many attempts through alcholic and sexual bouts to escape from the drearydom of a metropolis, Miller suggests that in the end tranquillity may only be discovered in music. It is an interesting idea because it shows just how much men have departed from the gaiety of the seventeenth century when, as Pepys jotted down in his diary, the ability to be able to sing a madrigal

in a drawing-room was one of the indispensable qualities of a maid. But by degrees this quality died and within two centuries the music-master's metronome had given way to the foreman's clocking-in machine as the new pacemaker. It was Hart Crane who said : ' I found " Helen " sitting in a street car : the Dionysian revels of her court and her seduction were transferred to a Metropolitan roof garden with a jazz orchestra : and the *kartharsis* of the fall of Troy I saw approximated in the recent world war. . . ' So much for the poet's comment upon the city in the twentieth century. An hundred years previously painters had shown in their canvases that they, too, were conscious that architects were failing in their mission. Nowhere was this more noticeable than in the works of Turner.

In 1819, Samuel Palmer* wrote to one of his pupils that the first exhibition he saw (at the Academy) was fixed in his memory by the first Turner he saw, *The Orange Merchantman of the Bar* : and, he added, being a lover of smudginess, he had revelled in it ever since. Smudginess is an apt epithet, for Turner was supremely able—witness his scenes of Covent Garden—to infuse drabness with a purity of its own. In his landscapes† smoke becomes fog, as a result of which the sharp detail of his buildings and castles is lost in a haze of mist : the spectator has the impression that they are floating. Whether this actually is so or not, at least the effect gained is that of buildings not conforming to plan and of castles in a state not far off ruin. There was more than a hint of chaos foretold in such art. On the same principle, well might an artist portray the poet abandoned in his garret where he no longer hears the songs of the flower-vendors below : in such a painting the events that were to follow were symbolized. A contemporary writing of Manchester in 1862 set down how the River Irwell was daily given myriads of dirty things to wash, while wagon loads of poison-dyes were emptied, together with the seething contents of steam boilers, drains and sewers. From Manchester to Middletown is not such a far cry. In Middletown—an imaginary place constructed by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merell Lynd from a census taken of American cities in the 'twenties—the authors report that often the inhabitants have cars but live under conditions no better than those of tenement dwellings. To remove such populations to suburbs is the pharisaic way of by-passing the slum : it is not only asking for coal in the bath, but it is evading the main issue. As was stressed earlier, it is forgetting to put first things first.

Before anything else, the city is a group of families ; next, and through public intercourse between these groups, it forms associations that may be of benefit to society in its entirety. These deductions are obvious, but they are premises which must be uppermost in

* See p. 229 for a ' selected notice ' of Geoffrey Grigson's biography of Samuel Palmer.

† For another aspect of landscape painting, see Dr Ernst Klimowsky's article on p. 195.

the minds of those who build. Further, they but endorse Aristotle's dictum that men come together in cities to live : they remain together in order to live the good life. There is a difference, also, between these sentiments and, for instance, those of William Morris : if the philosopher's aim is to create a healthy society, the social reformer's aim is to create an Utopia where all will be perfect. Morris, for all his good intentions in *News from Nowhere*, needs to be read in the more practical light of the Greek, and, in respect of building, it is his friend, Ruskin, who is the more practically minded adviser. The latter, in his book, *Munera Pulveris*, asserts that when architects know how to build cities, and judges and politicians how to rule them, men will be able to breathe in their streets, and the ' excursion ' will be the miner's afternoon's walk or game in the fields around them. The last phrase about fields is of special consequence : in future—if cities are not to die of inertia—they must be broken up into reasonably sized country towns : at the moment, they are, for the most part, deterrents rather than incentives to planning. But before the architect can start about his repairs, he must not only be supported by justice, but his freedom to work undisturbed be guaranteed by Parliament. . . Next then, the jurist and politician.

At the outset, legislation in all its forms must be understood rightly. Yet before it can be so understood the nature of man must be examined. ' The glories of our blood and state/Are shadows, not substantial things.' There are some laws which are beyond temporal ruling and in the full realization of this factor it is vital to comprehend that the spirituality of man does not exist at one point, and one point only : it should permeate through all his actions and his religion should be as alive in the market-place as in the churches. Christ did not come to make sure the standards of respectability, but to save man from his sins : His teaching is not to be confined to one element, but consists in the ordering of life into an integrated design. The water-tight compartments of Spengler are of no avail, for whatever status is given to Christianity it manifests all the way round its ability to absorb what is attached to it in such a manner as to invest it with an absolute value. Moreover, if as Carl Schmitt has shown*, belief is a private affair, the converse is also true : what is private acquires a religious consecration. In fact they balance each other : private property is sacred precisely because it is private. For this reason how ever much sympathy one may have registered with those who took over on their own authority unoccupied blocks of flats in the autumn of 1946, it was an action, nevertheless, which whilst being understandable, could not be condoned. Their deed, similar in much to many acts concerning education and medicine which are being continually proposed in the Houses, represented a serious threat to authority : and politics require authority, but authority without ethical support is nothing.

* *The Necessity of Politics.* (London, 1931).

But, now, people are inclined to think in terms of time, not eternity. When this becomes widespread it is the beginning of the end. A civilization is—like everything else worth while—only vital to the extent that it regards some things as more necessary than the preservation of its own life. On the other hand, if such an approach fosters—as can be seen in parts of Europe—a frame of mind whereby direct aggression is condemned, but the more subtle forms of torture and intrigue permitted, the same pharisaic tendency which disregards slums and jerry-built suburbs has once more cropped up. From the foregoing—as any newspaper will confirm—it is obvious that people, off their own bat, like La Fontaine's miller, will always form diverse different judgments on one subject alone : it is therefore only through the acceptance of some universal law that peace can be made to stay in the world : in other words, by obeying the laws of God first and those of men next, and only when they do not conflict with His. Moreover, His laws do not merely refer to outward actions, but equally to inner ones, because it is in the light of this that it can be seen that only those who achieve contemplation can act fully. Judges who are only concerned with verdicts, and politicians with results, both suffer from the same malady. If their train is behind schedule on Monday they blame the engine (note—not the driver) : if the engine could speak it might reply ' I lacked coal this morning.' Had these prototypes the vision to see further than their spectacles, they might realize that the fault lay in themselves : because last Tuesday they were more concerned ' with restoring the *status quo* ' in the mines than seeking out the real causes of the strike in South Wales. It is the old story come full cycle again. . . Finally then, the miner.

Below the pit-shaft men live like mice : they see little of nature—other than seams of coal—and there are no glimpses of rivers or fields to awaken the hunter in them : no fleeting glances of children or young girls to awaken their manhood : no vision of the sun coming through a tree like a leopard skin to awaken the poetry within their souls. Their work—and that is why it has been chosen here—is one of the most dangerous carried out, though less consideration is given to them pretty well than to almost any other industry : yet, although in other industries working conditions are better, the miners share one insult in common with their fellow workers : that no dignity is accorded to them as persons. They survive under conditions which conform with Andrew Ure's observation that when capital enlists science into its service the refractory hand of labour is taught docility. By other thinkers this doctrine has been seriously stretched to the point where it is laid down (almost like a catechism answer) that strikes are more productive of good than evil because they act as a stimulus to invention. This disintegration—foreshadowed in all the arts—which has been seeping more and more into man's environment is similar to that which in destroying the human image in the early centuries of this era caused the fall of the Roman Empire. Perhaps

it was this theme a few years ago that tempted an author to choose for his book a title which was banned by the Lord Chamberlain. The title was *The Decline to Fall of the British Empire*. Certainly, if that fall should come about, it is more likely to be conditioned by the present misguided idealism of public men than through an invasion of foreign financiers crying inflation, or a band of commissars preparing the way for Marx. Yet despite this, a way through the existing wreckage—of which a clue was thrown out earlier—is still possible. The motto of the child who is born today should not be ' Abandon hope all ye who enter here ' but, as in an earlier age of prayer, ' With God's help all things are possible.'

The clue mentioned, it may be remembered, emphasized the transition from neo-technics to bio-technics which was taking place. In that transition, some of the lines upon which that rebuilding should be modelled have already been put forward : in particular those affecting architecture, justice, politics and industry, for in a sense they are dependent one upon the other. Their synthesis however can only be accomplished if they work on divine foundations : these were laid over two thousand years ago and it is now only a case of shackling tradition to the individual talent. In achieving this combination all the archetypes must assent and act in unison. Like those who teach, they must win access to their pupils' confidence, for when this occurs human insight is set free and the meaning of existence put into its true perspective. As history proves, when men discover the meaning of their lives they find themselves, because in so doing they find God.

As yet the reconstruction of philosophic thought has not been touched upon : not because it is unimportant, but because, granted time, occasion and funds, it will be dealt with in the next number.

NOTE

An editorial postscript entitled *The Atomic Impact* will be found at the end of this number. It further develops points made in this leader.

SOVIET TOWN STATUE

Black marble, eyeballs slotted, stands
The Marshal in the rattling square ;
Solid, with blind deaf dead stare :
A Child of gold in his broad hands.

' Lifted ' says plaque ' from war's iron storms
Which scabbed to shards the molten plains,
Where flares, which flinched with whistling pains
Lightning's astute and boxing arms,

' Illumined men, who hit, would stoop
Then, falling, let red liquid flow
A smart contagion on the snow,
Decanted from their body-cup.'

As now a red patina weeps :
From hole in Marshal's neck down runs
This cold disease of chiselled skins,
Through fingers into Child now seeps.

Throughout the Child it starts to spread
As though rare gold were only brass ;
It seals its victim like a curse
With coronation of his head.

As elixir then this stigma works
The Child leaves pedestal, and walks,
And talks : ' Plaque lies. Warring to save
You've made me thus—a scarlet knave.

' Deformed with chill corrosive brand,
Pariah I, red leper, sweating Cain ;
This scarlet on gold skin bites pain
To hurl you from your liar-stand.'

Besmutched with red the Child of gold
Hurls Father to the ground,
The throat to press where spouting comes.
Then flames burst out from Him and Child,

Which scald across the rattling square ;
In mumbling smoke is smudged the town.
Across whole lands this pall is drawn
As Atoms spill and split in air.

FRANCIS BERRY

TAILOR'S SONG

Swing low, sweet sun, like a gold hunter
Waistcoat-high in the lavender light;
Consulted, slipped from a gloved finger
Into the pocket of night.

Spin high, sweet moon, in the cold winter,
Latchet-low beyond window-bars,
Wheel of a sewing machine, my Singer
Under the thimble stars.

PAUL DEHN

TO MY SON

Aged Eight

Oh little body, do not die.
  The soul looks out through wide blue eyes
So questioningly into mine,
  That my tormented soul replies
'Oh little body do not die.
  You hold the soul that talks to me
  Although our conversation be
As wordless as the windy sky.'

So looked my father at the last
  Right in my soul, before he died,
Though words we spoke went heedless past
  As London traffic roar outside.
And now the same blue eyes I see
  Look through me from my little son,
So questioning, so searchingly
  That youthfulness and age are one.

My father looked at me and died
  Before my soul made full reply.
Lord, leave this other Light alight—
  Oh little body, do not die

JOHN BETJEMAN

HE WANTED ART'

Ben Jonson's Verdict on Shakespeare

E. I. WATKIN

THE subject of religious experience, at any rate in its deepest and most authentic form, is the central depth of the human soul, the 'fine point' of the spirit, or, in Fr. Augustine Baker's terminology, the ' spirit ' as contrasted with a lower ' soul.' This centre, however, is essentially a radical will. For all things corporeal or spiritual are energies and the energy of a spirit is will. Accordingly this interior prayer is substantially an activity of the radical will. The intuition which may, but may not, accompany this direction of the will to God is but secondary to the act of will and concomitant with it. Contemplation here is, in fact, a misleading term. For it is subordinate to a volition, and moreover, is normally no more than a dark awareness of the Transcendent and Divine Being to which the will is united. Well therefore might Fr. Baker say of the treatise on contemplation on which he comments : ' The whole course of our book called *The Cloud of Unknowing* is but a prosecution of the exercise of the will'. The man of genuine prayer therefore cannot but be changed radically. From the centre outwards his entire being is transformed from the natural man, whose life is self-centred and self-principled, to the supernatural and deified man whose life is God-centred and God-principled, in fact a reception of the Divine Life itself.

With another form of human experience, like the religious profound and dim, it is quite otherwise. Aesthetic experience which finds expression in art—Croce is probably right in thinking that it is always expressed if only by a kind of interior art, a construction by and in the psyche itself—though profound and obscure is neither so profound, nor so obscure as the religious experience normally attached to ' contemplative ' prayer. Its subject is not the central root of the will, that is of the self, but a stratum of the spirit less ultimate than this. And its object, of which it is aware, is not a dark Transcendence, God Himself, but spiritual realities dimly apprehended and concretely embodied in outer forms significant of them. (Incidentally, we must avoid the too common confusion of this æsthetic intuition with the emotion which normally, but by no means inevitably, accompanies it. A tired man may appreciate the beauty of a landscape without feeling the least enjoyment in his apprehension of its beauty.) In short, æsthetic experience or intuition is the intuition of significant form, of idea as expressed by form, inner form by outer. Although these intuitions lack the definiteness of the clear abstract insights of conceptual and scientific thinking, they are not the

inexpressible intuitions of the mystic, but on the contrary press for expression, interior or external, though it is the indirect and more or less indefinite expression by significant form. We shall do well to follow Claudel, Bremond and others, and call the faculty of obscure intuition—I use the term ' faculty ' for clearness' sake and without prejudice—the anima, as opposed to the faculty of clear conceptualisation, the animus. As Fr. D'Arcy has just shown in his most stimulating book, *The Mind and Heart of Love*, the activities of anima are most commonly bound up with the self-surrendering and feminine love which gives itself, of animus most commonly with the self-affirming, self-seeking and masculine love which takes rather than gives. But the combinations are by no means universal. But he is wrong in identifying anima with the former, animus with the latter. For this distinction between anima and animus does not belong to the order of will, but of knowledge. They are two fashions not of willing but of knowing. And this brings me to the point which these distinctions have been endeavouring to reach. Unlike the prayer on which genuine and profound religious experience is concomitant, æsthetic experience, the experience expressed and embodied by art, is a matter of knowledge, not of volition. It does not directly change the will, much less transform its direction radically. So long as it occupies the soul it does indeed, as Schopenhauer pointed out, lay the will to sleep. The subject ceases for the time to will and is content to contemplate. However, if the will awakes (and under will I here include its more superficial form, desire or wish) it banishes æsthetic contemplation. If, for example, a picture of still life by a great artist arouses in a hungry man desire for food, æsthetic appreciation of the picture becomes impossible. It is for this reason that a work of art whose subject makes too potent an appeal to the sex instinct, or on the other hand, is too acutely painful, disgusts us by its loathsomeness, or horrifies us by its brutality, however fine the technical achievement, fails as art. For the positive or negative volition, the desire or aversion which it provokes prevents the æsthetic intuition of its significant form. But this abeyance of the will, as Schopenhauer also perceived, does not change it. It leaves it what it was, to be on re-awakening as it was before the contemplative slumber held it captive, or, if you prefer, charmed it into temporary self oblivion. From first to last, the entire experience has passed in the order of knowledge, not will, and its expression is the expression of knowledge, of insight, not of volition. It is not therefore surprising that the will is not directly affected and the subject's character remains the same as it was before his æsthetic contemplation.

Because authentic religious experience is the accompaniment, we might almost say, the reflex consciousness, of an activity of the will, the saint does not disappoint those who have read the writings of the mystic or theologian. St. John of the Cross does not disappoint readers of his *Ascent of Mount Carmel*; nor St. Teresa of Avila

readers of *The Interior Castle**. But the artist, unless, like Fra Angelico, he is also a saint, is always more or less disappointing. Ibsen rages like a spoilt child because he wrongly supposes without stopping to ask that his wife and son have looked at an unfinished play. More seriously Shelley drove the unfortunate Harriet to suicide. Milton was a domestic tyrant. Beethoven indulged in the language of a guttersnipe. Indeed the artistic temperament is notorious for its foibles, inconsistencies, arbitrary whims, childish surrenders to mood and unrestrained passions.

Nevertheless since man is a unity, the æsthetic insight of beauty and pre-occupation with its vision and expression, normally to a greater or lesser extent affects the will indirectly and thus the character and the personality. A man is not likely to see beauty with a clearer and deeper vision than his fellows without making what he sees one, at the least, of the supreme values of his life. And a value is what the will prizes and what determines its choice. Whatever an artist's faults therefore, we should not expect to find him pursuing the objects of the business man, for example, or of the successful politician. Money, possessions, power and social position—such things are not normally the aim of his life nor the motives of his work. It was not the artist in Trollope but that in him which damaged the quality of his art which declared so brazenly that the reason for writing is and ought to be to make money.

And in the order of knowledge the animus must and does collaborate with the intuitions of anima. The artist must strive to improve his technique, must revise, correct his work, arrange his insights, harmonize, interpret and in a measure clarify them. The work of anima entirely divorced from animus is the subconscious art produced by mediums, the work of the uncriticised subconscious. And its artistic value is nothing or almost nothing. When a medium at a séance attended by Victor Hugo declaimed, under the supposed control of Racine, a poem not in the least like anything Racine could have written, but above the level of her unaided powers, and bearing no little resemblance to Hugo's style, this second-hand product of anima transmitted telepathically was poor stuff in comparison with the poet's conscious work in which animus and anima were at work together.

This conscious employment of animus is motived and sustained by the artistic conscience which is not content to do anything less than the best or repose on the laurels of past achievement, when improvement is possible. It is this conscience which so scrupulously criticises and polishes, studies and practises technique. And the greater the artist the finer the vision of anima, and the greater his native capacity to express his vision, the more powerful usually is his artistic conscience, the more ungrudgingly will he spend time and toil in the ancillary work of animus that the vision of anima may be

* But even the lives of authentic saints may display superficial limitations of understanding, taste or temperament, defects not due to bad will.

expressed as clearly, as completely, as orderly and as faultlessly, as he can make it.

Nevertheless, just as artists differ in the degree to which their will, and therefore their character, is or is not in harmony with their æsthetic vision, so they differ in the degree to which their animus serves their anima. They range in this respect from Kit Smart in his song to David, a work of anima with a minimum of animus (Smart, by the way, was insane), to the polished technique of many a neo-classical versifier, the work of animus with a minimum, in many cases nothing, of anima.

Among the supreme masters of art there is a poet who in my opinion offers the most striking example of disharmony between anima and its achievement on one hand, and on the other, the valuations and aims of his will and the work of animus when not directly abetting a seduction controlled by anima. (For we must not forget that though allied animus and the self-affirming will are not the same, but belong respectively to the orders of volition and knowledge. We must not with Fr. D'Arcy mistake normal concomitance for identity.) He is William Shakespeare.

Lack of information about Shakespeare's life has left his admirers free scope to imagine a life and character in harmony with the creator of Hamlet. Keys to his soul have been sought, as by Wordsworth, in the Sonnets, though no one can say how much in them is personal experience, how much literary convention. Of late, however, a few but very significant facts have come to light about Shakespeare's life. And they are most emphatically not what we should have expected. We find him taking part in a flutter in knitted stockings, involved in legal wrangles, hand-in-glove with a wealthy moneylender and agreeing with an unscrupulous fellow townsman not to oppose his encroachment on the citizens' common rights provided those attached to the poet's property are respected. In the event, though Shakespeare refused a request from the townsmen of Stratford to champion their cause, the usurpation of their rights proved too flagrant for even an Elizabethan court to sanction.

When he received a visitor at Stratford, William Shakespeare did not discourse on the art of drama or the psychology of Hamlet. 'Forsyte' Shakespeare discussed municipal politics affecting property. And the ambition of the creator of Lear and Macbeth sought the higher distinction of a coat of arms such as his mother's family, but not his father's, was entitled to bear. And when he could retire from the stage to comparative affluence and the social rank of a country gentleman, he buried Prospero's magic staff and book and wrote no more. For like Prospero he thought more of being Duke of Milan, the owner of New Place, Stratford, than the master magician commanding the elements of human nature and controlling the spirits of men. If we do not allow preconceived opinion to blind us, we cannot reject the evidence of such things that Shakespeare the man was mediocre, even mean, a careerist, a moneymaker out for the

main chance, a social climber, something of a snob, the British middle-class man of property, in getting and in enjoying it.

Fr. Herbert Thurston satisfactorily proved that John Shakespeare's Catholic 'will' is a genuine document, and that there is equally conclusive evidence that the poet's sister, Joan, was a Catholic. Although however, apart from the patriotic rant in *King John* about stamping on a Cardinal's hat, the plays are remarkably free from Protestantism, and a local clergyman who had no motive for deceiving us or himself about it informs us that Shakespeare died in the Catholic Church, he certainly conformed to the Establishment during his life. He was the last man to share the suffering of the recusant confessors and martyrs. In the interest of man's artistic heritage it is not easy to regret this. But it does not suggest nobility of character. And the conformity is more likely to have been inspired by considerations of his career than of his art. Dante in exile for his principles, Milton with his lofty, though narrow, ideals and his self-sacrificing, if chiefly wasted, labour on political polemics, Blake content with poverty and refusing to sell to Hayley his artistic soul—such men were of a higher stature.

But on the other hand there is Shakespeare. This strange, this amazing duality is the true key to the enigma of Shakespeare—William Shakespeare, the poet, whose anima, moved by an æsthetic insight, poured out as sublime poetry as the world has heard, and Forsyte Shakespeare, of bourgeois aims, and, as we shall see, an animus that failed to appreciate and therefore to assist the achievement of anima. Only if we keep these two unreconciled beings steadily in view can we hope to understand Shakespeare or his work. When the breath of poetry blew, awoke and moved the anima of William Shakespeare, the result was as close to artistic perfection as is possible for the workmanship of man. When it failed there was nothing but Forsyte Shakespeare, of mean will and the animus not of an artist but of a successful business man. We have indeed Shakespeare's testimony to the peculiarly inspirational character of his work in that well-known passage from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

> The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

Such surely was the birth of Shakespeare's poetry, and of everything in his dramas truly dramatic. When the Spirit of the Lord came upon Saul, ' Is Saul among the prophets ? ' they exclaimed as they saw the young warrior, not presumably remarkable for his piety, and who had gone out to look for lost asses, possessed by the spirit of prophecy. ' Is Shakespeare among the poets ? ' we may well exclaim when we see this careerist and moneymaker possessed as few among the sons of men by the spirit of poetry, and pouring out, almost, it would seem, without effort, poetry as magnificent as any in the literature of

mankind and drama finer, perhaps, than any other. Yes, he is among the poets a poet and, one might almost say, more than a poet, a veritable superman of poetry. But even so not the perfect poet, still less the perfect dramatist, which, as a theoretical possibility at least, but for Forsyte Shakespeare he might have been.

That Shakespeare's art is inspirational rather than deliberate, the art of anima moving animus, not of animus co-operating with anima, was the view of it taken by Milton.

> If sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child
> Warble his native woodnotes wild.

The ' wild woodnotes ' are the spontaneous, ' native,' outpouring of anima, ' fancy ' Milton calls it here, and moreover they are contrasted with the studied and technically elaborated art, the animus art of Ben Jonson—' Jonson's learned sock.' Milton thus testifies to the pre-eminently, we must indeed say the exclusively, inspirational character of Shakespeare's poetry. We have said that the duality affected his work. It did, and obviously not for good. There was not, of course, a complete divorce between animus and anima in Shakespeare. Had there been he could not have produced the work he did. Without a collaboration between animus and anima no work of very high quality is possible. We must, however, distinguish between two ways in which animus operated. When anima was in control it seems to have taken hold of animus and made it almost unconsciously work in its service. The great dramas must have been the product of animus thus subdued to the service and expression of anima's vision. But there is another, at any rate more conscious, operation of animus working upon the product of anima when for the time anima has ceased to see and operate, or does so but feebly. And at this point Shakespeare indubitably fell short. He did not make the best use of animus he could, at whatever cost of time and labour. To a degree unique among artists of the first rank, he lacked the artistic conscience. And he lacked it because he was not only William but also Forsyte Shakespeare, because the will of which animus is the readier tool cherished ambitions other than artistic perfection.

Since this is precisely what the idolaters of Shakespeare refuse to see or admit frankly, we must refuse to wear their blinkers and insist on looking obvious facts in the face. And this I invite my readers to do. Of the many unjust judgments of history, not the least unjust is the condemnation of George III as an uncultured Philistine because he said that much in Shakespeare is ' sad stuff.' His critics forget that in the more lucid intervals of his madness the King found solace in the woes of tormented Lear. For after all he was right. There is sad stuff in Shakespeare, and it is due to his lack of artistic conscience, a lack itself due to causes for which Forsyte Shakespeare was responsible. Sad stuff indeed. Do the speeches of ranting abuse which mar *Richard III* deserve to be called anything better? And what stuff could well be sadder than the scene in *The*

Winter's Tale laid on the coast of Bohemia, in which a bear devours Antigonus on landing. Presented by a playwright to any modern producer it would mean the play's instant rejection without time spent on reading another line. But anon the spirit of poetry awakes anima and the immortal Perdita is born.

> O Proserpeina
> For the flowers now that frighted thou lettest fall
> From Dis's wagon, daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares and take
> The winds of March with beauty.

Through Perdita and the scenes of which she is the central figure, *The Winter's Tale* climbs to the heaven of poetry. But the fact remains that the careless Forsyte Shakespeare's lack of artistic conscience marred the play with the preposterous rubbish about the bear. Indeed, even the lovely lines quoted seem to me to lack the finishing touch animus might have given ' Dis's wagon.' Surely the hissing is unpleasant : ' Dis's,' like ' Missis,' which is probably the ugliest word in our tongue. I dare to think ' Pluto's wagon ' would have been more euphonious. A trifle, it is true, but not without significance. How unlike Shakespeare's rough and ready carelessness is the delicate artistic conscience of a Horace keeping his odes in his desk nine years for polishing, or its exaggeration even in Virgil who, because his *Aeneid* wanted the finishing touches, condemned it remorselessly to the flames—from which under Providence only the Imperial command saved it for mankind. Of the saying, too commonly repeated, that genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, Shakespeare is a striking and sufficient refutation.

What care did Shakespeare take for the publication of his plays in an accurate text ? None whatever. The players published them as they would from any playhouse text in hand. For the plays brought in far more money by being acted than as published for readers, and this for Forsyte Shakespeare was the important point. Certainly no artistic conscience was at work here. What sum would have bought Virgil's consent to the publication of an imperfect *Aeneid* ? For this reason the reader of Shakespeare, if faced with a difficulty of language or interpretation, must ask himself whether he is reading here the work of William Shakespeare, the poet of anima, or Forsyte Shakespeare, of animus without anima. It might save time wasted in reading into the text what is not there.

Imagine the producer of an opera approaching Beethoven with a proposition such as this. Herr Kappellmeister, as you probably know, had begun to write an opera for the opening of next season. Having finished only the first act he has fallen very seriously ill and even if he gets over his illness he will not be able to do any more work for at least a year. Would you be so kind as to help us out by finishing it. We are, of course, prepared to remunerate you handsomely. His reply, no doubt, would have been the language of a bargee and a vigorous kick for the unfortunate producer. It would

have been the reply, not perhaps of a gentleman, but of an artist. And Milton would have received with language equally vigorous, if possibly more refined, a proposal to complete the unfinished epic of a Puritan versifier more distinguished for piety than poetry.

This, however, was the very thing that Shakespeare did frequently and without a qualm. He began his work as a dramatist by botching up a minor playwright's *Henry VI.* He was willing to add a page or two to a play on More by a handful of writers. And the case of *Pericles Prince of Tyre* may have been an exact parallel to my imagined suggestion to Beethoven—but not refused. Some years ago at his Maddermarket Theatre, Mr Nugent Monk produced *Pericles.* He omitted the first two acts as glaringly inferior. The remaining three made a fine play, worthy of Shakespeare. Either these acts were his completion of a play begun by some theatrical hack or they were by his own pen when it was not moved by his inspired anima. In either case he was content that his work should be completed by a hack, were that hack another writer, perhaps the writer of an earlier play, or his own uninspired self. What dramatist of artistic conscience would consent in this way to attach his gold to brass? Forsyte Shakespeare was willing to do it, because he had no artistic conscience and Burbage no doubt paid well. Am I then saying that Shakespeare was not a great man? Yes, I am. He was a little man. He was not just a great artist, he was a supreme artist; but only when anima held him in her beneficent thrall. So long as anima controlled and fertilised animus there was a master poet and a master dramatist. When animus was free of anima there was no artist whatsoever, merely a man who used his pen among other, sometimes less reputable tools, to make money and win social rank. Shakespeare, that is to say, has his place among the world's greatest artists, second to none, but not among the world's great men or most perfect artists.

Voltaire's condemnation of Shakespeare's barbarism and his preference for the classical French dramatists, for all its injustice, was not just sheer wrongheadedness. It was based on a principle of æsthetic valuation which attached most worth to what precisely Shakespeare lacked—the scrupulous, painstaking and polished elaboration of animus, aiming at perfection of formal expression. This the French dramatists, on the other hand, possessed. To that extent Voltaire's criticism was justified. But he failed to see that the essential stuff of poetry, as of art in general, is the insight of anima and its effective conveyance. These Shakespeare possessed in an incomparably higher measure than a Molière or a Racine. The latter, therefore, as Voltaire perceived, were more perfect artists than he, Shakespeare on the other hand, which he did not perceive, by far the greater artist.

Not every failure in Shakespeare, it is true, is the result of this duality of anima inspired animus and uninspired animus. Take it all in all, *Timon* is a failure, a dreary series of misanthropic rantings. But this, I imagine, is due to the fact that the poet allowed a mood of

passionate resentment to interfere with the detached contemplation which is the indispensable condition of æsthetic insight and the creation which expresses it. The majority of his failures, however, are clearly due to a failure of anima, leaving the field to an uninspired animus at the service of baser aims. The finest plays indeed are almost wholly products of anima inspiring and moving animus. But even here there are lapses.

Since producers usually and rightly omit or curtail it, the playgoer is unaware of the dull and ridiculous scene in *Macbeth* in which, during a halt in the dramatic action the exiled Malcolm tests Macduff's honour by an impossible self-accusation. Anima has relaxed control for a season and this is the best that animus could, or perhaps was allowed to, give. Critics have spent much thought and ink to account in terms of human nature for Iago's diabolic and, it seems, ' purposeless ' malignity. It may perhaps be justified in such terms. But it is just as likely that it is the unqualified malignity of the stock villain of contemporary dramatic convention, of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* for example, though, if this be the case, anima has certainly taken a hand and made incalculably more of him than animus originally intended. His fellow villain Iachimo is far less successful

The denouement of *Measure for Measure*, unsatisfying, impossible, and in its staging ludicrously mechanized, is a glaring instance of Forsyte Shakespeare's lack of artistic conscience. Anima for some reason forsook the poet. The play perhaps must be ready very shortly and he could not, or would not, wait for her return. Burbage may have been pressing for it. And the public liked this sort of all round happy ending. Well, then let the public and Burbage have it. But it is not only because its ending is so unsatisfactory that *Measure for Measure* baffles our judgment by delighting and disappointing us. Nor is the disappointment due solely to differences of opinion as to the respective value of preserving chastity and saving a brother's life, a matter of ethics, not æsthetics. The play is, in fact, a most instructive example of the dual Shakespeare. When Isabella pleads with Angelo in language finer than Portia's, and again in the prison scene between Isabella, Claudio and the ducal friar, anima is in control, and the high places of literature and drama are reached. And Lucio is a successful dramatic creation. But the remainder of the play is mainly the work of uninspired animus, and correspondingly of poor quality.

An instructive example of conflict between the utterance of Shakespeare's anima and his unanimaed animus is his attitude towards Prince Hal's behaviour in discarding Falstaff on his accession to the throne. The scene itself in *Henry IV* and Mistress Quickly's account of Falstaff's death in *Henry V* make it clear that Shakespeare's anima, William Shakespeare the poet, saw and condemned Henry's conduct as heartless. But it is equally clear from the context in *Henry IV*, in particular the comments of Prince John and the Chief Justice towards the end (so that the audience may take home their view of the matter

they are given the last word on it), that his animus, the mind of the man set on becoming a respectable bourgeois of Stratford, the judgment, that is to say of Forsyte Shakespeare, approved of the conduct whose condemnation his anima pronounced. The unsolved dualism is evident.

That Shylock at times displays nothing but pure vindictiveness, malice and greed, at others voices unforgettably the suffering of a persecuted race; that with equal sincerity he bewails the loss of his daughter and his ducats, is true to the mixture and inconsistency of human sentiments and motives. Shylock has his place among the great creations of anima-animus in Shakespeare's work. Incidentally, an actor should not falsify the part by interpreting it exclusively in its baser or nobler aspect. There is, however, an inconsistency in Shylock's conduct which is out of character and quite unnecessary. In Act I he refuses on religious grounds to dine with Bassanio. 'To smell pork; to eat of the habitation your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you.' In the following act, however, he goes to supper with Gratiano. On any reading of his character he could not have committed this particular inconsistency. Indeed Shakespeare seems uncomfortably aware of this to judge by the lame excuse for accepting the invitation he puts into Shylock's mouth. Also, as I have just said, it is unnecessary. Its purpose, to get Shylock out of his house when Jessica runs away with Lorenzo, could have been effected equally well had she informed her lover that on a particular evening her father would be dining with a Jewish friend, 'Tubal' or 'Chus,' 'his countryman.' Here surely the carelessness of an inartistic animus is manifest.* Nor was it necessary for Portia so impossibly to hear before the merchant himself that Antonio's argosies were, after all, safe. A messenger could have brought the good news far more plausibly. The appearance of Queen Margaret at the Yorkist court in *Richard III* is equally preposterous—and for no better purpose than to scold. But so long as the box office receipts came in well, what need to worry over such trifles as these? That is not the way an artist looks at such things, who is not, like William Forsyte Shakespeare, an artist with his anima alone and with his animus only when it is moved immediately by anima but with his entire being. Such a man no doubt is almost always a vastly lesser artist than Shakespeare. But he is a purer and more perfect artist.

This view of Shakespeare's defect is endorsed by the verdict of a fellow dramatist who knew him well, Ben Jonson. Shakespeare, he said, 'wanted art.' This criticism is too often dismissed, most

* Nor can I feel sure that it is in character for Shylock to save his life at the cost of renouncing his Judaism. At any rate it is a question for the serious consideration of students of Shakespeare. In any case such a requirement was against the code of any Christian state of the time—preposterous and unnecessary.

unfairly, as the spleen of conscious and envious inferiority. In fact it hits the mark perfectly. Conscious art, the art of animus not immediately moved by anima, the art which seeks untiringly technical perfection and will be satisfied with nothing short of the best, the art of the conscientious artist—art of this kind Shakespeare did most certainly want. If Jonson's perception of his lack of conscious artistry blinded him as perhaps it did, and it is, after all, galling to a poet with an artistic conscience to be so outdistanced by a poet with none, to the stature of his achievement as an inspired and spontaneous artist—Voltaire's error—it is not on that account invalidated. It would have been well if students and critics of Shakespeare had taken more notice of his illuminating remark.

The imperfection resulting from this lack of artistic conscience is glaring in such a play as *Cymbeline* or *The Winter's Tale* and as we have just seen in *Measure for Measure*, or in the absurd introduction of an allegorical Hymen among the flesh and blood characters of *As You Like It*. Shakespeare's endings are, in fact, often the most unsatisfactory part of a play. It is as if anima in sheer weariness after her mighty and strenuous achievement had suddenly relaxed her hold and left the poet bored and anxious to get the play off his hands anyhow. The slackened grasp may be betrayed by a detail too slight to be noticed except by readers for whom, as we have seen, the dramatist cared little. Viola, for example, in *Twelfth Night* is intended to be, and is, a charming and sympathetic character. But at the end of the play we learn that the sea-captain ' upon some action is now in durance at Malvolio's suit.' How could Viola have been so ungrateful to the man who rescued her from the waves and to whose kindness she owed her introduction to Orsino's court, as to leave him in a debtor's prison without attempting to use her influence with the Duke to secure his release? The ingratitude is even emphasised by her previous condemnation of the vice when Antonio asked the supposed Sebastian for the return of his purse. It is not in character. Nor does Sebastian attempt to make use of his position as Olivia's husband to obtain Orsino's pardon for his benefactor. Antonio just fades out, to prison for all we know to the contrary—possibly even to death. A few words would have given him his well-deserved share in the general harmony and proved to him that Sebastian was not ungrateful.* Such oversights mark the conclusion of the play when the dramatist's mood was the careless and relaxed indifference which made him answer the request for a title *Twelfth Night* or *What You Will*, a mood shown also in the Hymen conclusion to his previous drama and its similar title *As You Like It*. If Shakespeare's art was as I have argued, the burning lava poured from a volcanic eruption of the spirit, an inspiration of the anima, this weariness which so frequently spoils or mars his conclusions is easily explicable as nervous reaction from

* Nor does Shakespeare bother to tell us the fate of Lear's fool. We may conjecture that he died of exposure. But we cannot be sure.

the strain, sudden relapse from the inspired William to the uninspired Forsyte. Even when in substance an ending is of the highest quality, plainly written under the full operation and stress of anima, for example the conclusion of *King Lear*, a line or two may betray a final relapse. Consider the words with which Edgar closes the immortal and heartbreaking scene that tells the story of Lear's death :

> The weight of this sad time we must obey
> Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
> The oldest hath borne most ; we that are young
> Shall never see so much nor live so long.

The tension, it is true, should, as a matter of art, be relaxed at the conclusion of a tragedy and the final note be in a minor key, a note of calm and mournful relief. So it was in Greek tragedy, and so also it is in Shakespeare's most satisfactory valedictions. But such a banality as this cannot be justified. In fact there is more than banality here, there is nonsense. Why should not the young live longer than Lear's children and Edmund cut off in their prime ? What, indeed, *is* the sense of the words? It is too obviously another instance of the too common lapse from anima controlled animus to mere animus, of the supreme artist who was nevertheless an artist but in part.

Reviewing in *The Observer**, Mr Ivor Brown calls attention to another example of a ' lame and impotent conclusion.' The superb poetry of the final scenes of *Richard II* is followed by the doggerel :

> Thy pains Fitzwater shall not be forgot
> Right noble is thy merit well wot.

This, he maintains, is an obvious case of the work of two hands. We can hardly believe that so often Shakespeare left precisely the ending of his play to another writer. Moreover the doggerel is itself followed by a passing flash of the poetic fire ' With Cain go wander through the shades of night.' In a sense, it is true, two hands are at work. But they are the hands not of two men, but of two Shakespeares, the hand of William and the hand of Forsyte. Nor are these lapses, lengthy or brief, confined to the endings of plays.

We must not forget, however, in fairness to Shakespeare, that he came into a bad tradition of botching collaboration and defective artistry. Marlowe's *Faustus* well nigh baffles the modern producer by its mixture of superb poetry and rubbish. And collaboration was a normal procedure. Nevertheless the readiness with which Shakespeare conformed to these inartistic conventions is the measure of his own lack of artistic scruple, a defect on which the little we know of his life casts an unpleasant light. After all, Ben Jonson, who became the acknowledged sovereign of English drama, hardly ever collaborated, and took pains to improve and perfect his work. That is to say, he was a more complete, though an incomparably lesser, artist than Shakespeare. A dramatist who could write or tolerate

* July 14th, 1946.

from another pen the insertion of a meaningless piece of bawdy jingle into the heart of Lear's tragedy must have lacked, when uninspired by the poetic afflatus, the artist's sensibility. The groundlings were tickled by such things. The box office benefited. But art was betrayed. In this instance a trifling omission rights the wrong. But this is not everywhere possible. We cannot rewrite the final scene of *Measure for Measure*, or disengage the gold from the dross of *Cymbeline* or *The Winter's Tale*.

It is, however, commonly said, for example, as we have just seen by Mr Ivor Brown in his review in *The Observer*, that the doggerel and the poetry, the hackwork and the drama, were the work of two distinct persons. The poet, the genius, was perhaps an unknown member of the aristocracy who dared not avow himself a dramatist and employed the hack writer and moneymaker, Shakespeare of Stratford, to sponsor his work and prepare it for the stage. Or Shakespeare of Stratford was in truth the poet of genius. But he allowed his work to be staged and printed mixed, often in a very considerable proportion, with rubbish by other pens. In this extreme form this view is surely untenable. The poetry and the rubbish cannot be apportioned in this way between distinct writers. No hint has come down to us of such a consistent, dual or multiple, authorship of the Shakespearean corpus. In the case of *Henry VIII*, the joint work of Fletcher and Shakespeare, the fact has been handed down. For this reason it must remain doubtful whether *Pericles*, for example, is the work of two authors or of two moods of the same author. And where the cleavage is less clear cut, or the alloy less extensive, or blent more intimately with the precious ore, the latter is the most reasonable explanation. In any case, the genius, the author of the poetry and drama which have immortalised the name of Shakespeare, was undoubtedly Shakespeare of Stratford, the mediocre bourgeois careerist of petty ambitions and ignoble aims. For no contemporary friend or foe even hinted otherwise. Greene, for example, in his attack on ' Shakescene,' has not a word to suggest that he is the mask of a hidden nobleman. But some at least must have known the truth. The entire literary and dramatic world cannot have been so completely hoodwinked. The contrast therefore between the poet and the man must in any case be admitted. Why not a corresponding contrast between the poet and the poetaster? Jonson who knew Shakespeare long and intimately says nothing of two men, a great poet and a hack. But his criticism, already quoted, that Shakespeare wanted art, proves that he was aware of the two aspects of the one dramatist, of Shakespeare the dramatic and poetic genius (even if he did not value him sufficiently) and Shakespeare the hack.

As I have already pointed out, the combination of magnificent poetry and rubbish is not confined to Shakespeare. Marlowe combines splendid poetry with the saddest of sad stuff, his *Faustus* for example—the sublime poetry and drama of the damnation scene and the apostrophe to Helen with the vulgar clowning of the scene at the

Papal Court. Yet everyone admits his unity of authorship. In more modern times, there is the contrast between the Wordsworth of *Tintern Abbey* and the Wordsworth of *The Pet Lamb*, between the lyrics of Tennyson's *Princess* and his *May Queen*. Since English literature, to a greater degree perhaps than any other, is a literature of anima rather than animus, such contrasts are to be expected. Why is it impossible only in the case of Shakespeare?

The dual authorship theory shifts but does not solve the problem. The genius who wrote the poetry, beyond reasonable doubt Shakespeare of the Globe and Stratford, was on that hypothesis willing to allow his work, sometimes to the extent of entire acts, to be completed or interpolated by a hack writer or to be attached to the latter's work already in existence. He must, therefore, have combined with his genius a complete lack of artistic conscience. Only a writer without artistic conscience would permit his work to be mixed with rubbish by another hand. Such a poet, however, would be equally capable of writing the rubbish himself. And where the latter is no more than a scene or even a few verses or sentences, this would be the easier and more natural thing to do. What such a poet could tolerate, he could produce. And for what reason did the genius allow *ex hypothesi* the hack to adulterate his work? Because the poetic afflatus which had inspired his anima and through it directed the activities of animus and had carried his work so far, had deserted him. That is to say his work depended for its poetic quality on such æsthetic inspiration, and when it failed he became artistically impotent. But this is precisely what I have said of Shakespeare—genius and hack.

That is to say, the explanation of dual or multiple authorship, if put forward as a complete account of the duality of Shakespearean achievement, is devoid of sufficient external evidence, is admittedly inapplicable to other instances of the same phenomenon in contemporary drama and leaves the problem substantially unaffected, to be solved, I submit, only by such a psychological explanation, as I have put forward. But if this is accepted it removes the need to assume a consistent dual authorship. Therefore, while admitting the existence in the Shakespearean corpus of work by other hands, even sometimes, as in the case of *Henry VI*, on a large scale, and the fact that Shakespeare made no objection to such admixture is further proof of his defective artistic conscience, I remain confident that Shakespeare the dramatist, poet and player, regarded by all his contemporaries as in the main the author of the plays bearing his name, was responsible not only for the supreme poetry and drama, but directly for very much, I think most, and indirectly for the rest, of the very sad stuff which to a greater or lesser extent disfigures them.

To the same insensitivity of an uninspired animus we must as we have seen, attribute the stupid puns and coarse jestings without wit or humour which too frequently mar Shakespeare's plays. The fact that these weeds become fewer, or entirely cease, in the finest

dramas or scenes where the control of anima is the most complete, plays or scenes by universal consent Shakespeare's finest work, supports further my view of a Shakespeare psychologically and therefore artistically, or rather artistically and inartistically dual. For the psychology and philosophy of art and the æsthetic intuition art expresses and embodies Shakespeare's case, the case of a divorce so glaring between the inspired poet and dramatist and the uninspired scribbler is most instructive. For this reason in particular I have called attention to it here. It is to be wished that someone far better acquainted with Shakespeare's work than I can claim to be, would study the plays in detail from this point of view. The labour would I am convinced, be richly repaid by the understanding achieved of a phenomenon in this degree surely unique in literature, though by no means uncommon on a smaller scale and of the dramas themselves as the product of an author so disconcertingly dual.

It is further worth consideration whether this Shakespearean duality, this disharmony in his life and work between anima and animus in its normal operation, is not, as I believe and have already suggested, the supreme example of a characteristic commoner in English than in any other literature. Is not our literature to an exceptional extent exclusively or onesidedly inspirational, a literature therefore of imperfect and uncertain artistry, in which the insight of anima is insufficiently worked out, clarified and expressed by the subsequent labour of animus ? This unbalanced inspiration is surely a distinctive feature of our literature as being found more or less, not of course in all, but in a far greater number of English than foreign writers of genius. As we have seen it explains Wordsworth's notorious lapses from poetry of the highest quality into banal prosings.* And in prose it is the outstanding characteristic of the typically English Dickens. Witness the cheap and inartistic sentimentality of Little Nell or the children visiting Smikes' grave. And the English are marked by an aversion to the clear conceptual thinking which e the province and work of animus, and are too often careless of this technical perfection which the conscientious employment of animus alone can bestow. English literature, that is to say, is predominantly a literature of anima, often to the detriment of animus, whereas French literature gives a far greater part to animus, at some periods is even predominantly a literature of animus, often to the detriment of anima. But this point I must leave to the reader's further consideration.

. I have spoken throughout as though the shortcomings of Shakespeare as a conscious artist, the poor quality of the work produced by his freely working animus detracts from the value of his work and must be accounted a regrettable defect, that it would have been finer even

* Wordsworth it is true did not lack for industry and artistic conscientiousness. But when anima failed him animus was incapable of doing work of high quality, and an ill-informed artistic conscience, further blinded indeed by conceit, could not see the failure.

than it is had he combined the animus artistry of a Racine for example, or, in our own literature, a Milton, with the artistry of his anima controlling, moving and directing animus by its spontaneous action. In itself this is no doubt true. Had such a combination been possible it would have produced an achievement even more superb than that of Shakespeare as we have it. But it may well be that such consummate perfection is not for the human artist. The defects which I have pointed out are indeed defects and in many cases very serious defects, and moreover bound up closely with defects of character themselves largely due to defects of the mind's normal vision, the vision of animus. But they were perhaps the inevitable accompaniment and price of the inspiration to which we owe what for all such shortcomings, is as magnificent drama as any yet written by man, and which, it may well be, could not have operated on other terms. For an attempt to carry the work further by the conscious action of animus a serious endeavour to continue or improve by conceptual artistry and deliberate technique the achievement of anima's spontaneous operation, might possibly in the case of an artist so inspirational as Shakespeare have diminished or even dried up the spring of his inspired anima, have dimmed or even closed its sight, as the gift of a calculating prodigy is destroyed if he is instructed in conscious reasoning mathematics. In view of such a possibility, the possibility therefore that Shakespeare could not have given us the supreme art he has, had he attempted, when inspiration failed him to perfect or complete his work by the art of animus, though we should be aware of his defect and trace its operation, for that is the way of understanding, we should not complain that he has not given us what might well have been incompatible with his actual gift. For Shakespeare's achievement no price of unachieved possibility, a possibility after all merely theoretical and hypothetical, can be too high.

REVIEWERS

Those who have contributed 'selected notices' to Volume III of *The Wind and the Rain* include: Robin Atthill, Hugh Dinwiddy, Dallas Kenmare, Elizabeth King, E. W. Martin, Hermann Peschmann and the Editor.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Some Notes on it as an Independent Art

ERNST KLIMOWSKY

WRITING about the landscape representing the Château de Steen in the picture *Autumn* by Peter Paul Rubens, painted in 1635, Kenneth Clark remarks :

> ' The background of Rubens' *Autumn* must be one of the greatest of all paintings of a distant landscape; yet Pollaiuolo's Val d'Arno, a small part of a great figure-piece, withstands the comparison, and we are led to ask why, when landscape painting has been brought to this pitch of perfection by 1745, it had to wait over a hundred years before being recognised as an independent branch of painting. There is no easy answer. Fifteenth-century painters like Pallaiuolo, Bellini and Perugino loved the subject and painted it with mastery. Leonardo added science to observation in a way not attempted again until Ruskin's Turner. In part the answer must lie with the Renaissance men of letters who had already evolved the classic theory of aesthetic by which a picture was not serious unless the subject was drawn from sacred or heroic literature. But this theory was even more powerful in the seventeenth century, the first great age of landscape, when Claude and Poussin had to call their pictures by fancy titles, in order to give the critics something to write about. We cannot explain this period of landscape by any literary parallel such as can be made to cover the revival of landscape painting in the early nineteenth century. Perhaps the only true explanation is the superficial one : mannerism and eclecticism had so exhausted the figure arts that without the learning of Poussin and the mature endowment of Rubens no further advance in that direction was possible and painters turned to a branch of the art which still allowed some possibility of unforced expression.'*

The answer, if it should be satisfactory, depends on the fundamental aspects of the moving forces in history. It is now common ground that changes in style as well as in the means and forms of artistic expression have to be followed up to their deepest sources in order to be well and comprehensively understood.

Before, therefore, beginning on such an enterprise, we should supplement to a certain extent Clark's factual description by a quotation from Burckhardt's book on the *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*. He writes :

> ' In the fifteenth century, the great masters of the Flemish school, Hubert and Jan van Eyck, suddenly lifted the veil from nature. Their landscapes are not merely the fruit of an endeavour to reflect the real world in art, but have, even if expressed conventionally, a certain poetical meaning—in short, a soul. Their influence on the whole art of the West is undeniable.'

This ' influence ' could never have been exercised, had not

* *One Hundred Details from Pictures in the National Gallery.* (London, 1938).

Western art discovered in the landscape the same ' poetical meaning—in short, a soul.' This, however, took about two hundred years : until Rubens painted his *Autumn*, Poussin his historically decorated landscapes and Ruysdael his creeks and forests.

Sorokin, who distinguishes between ideational and the sensate or visual styles has pointed out to us* the fact that the rise of landscape painting as an independent branch of art is simultaneous with the predominance of the sensate style—especially in that period during which the pictorial treatment of the subject, styled by Woelffin as ' *malerisch*,' is applied. Yet all this does not fully give the clue to the underlying force which caused that simultaneousness.

Without embarking at this juncture and in this connection on the question as to whether history develops in cyclical phases, it seems certain in a review of Western art during the last millennium that it followed a course from the working up on, and overcoming of, vast masses of resistant material in the form of architecture as the leading branch of art, on to sculpture, and later to painting, music and poetry. In these successive stages † the physical force of mastering the three-dimensional gave way to the rising psychical and emotionally mastering of the two-dimensional and as in music and poetry—of the one-dimensional. Since the publication of my first treatise on *Sexula Type and Civilization* in 1928, I have propagated the theory that—apart from other elements—the mixture of latent and predominant traits of their own and the opposite sex in men and women of a certain period, in other words the sexual type of man and woman of that period, is of eminent importance for the respective cultural expressions of that period in all directions. Moreover, I maintain that no search into cultural phenomena is satisfactory unless the then prevailing sexual types have been thoroughly studied and utilized for the elucidation of these phenomena. Now further to exemplify our case in point : the independence of landscape painting as a branch of art was due to two main causes.

In the first place the female relationship to nature had gained the upper-hand within the male sexual type to such an extent that not only could individual items such as the famous leaves of Southwell‡ in the first thirty years of the fourteenth century be elevated to the central decoration rôle in a Gothic chapter-house, and landscape scenes form the unobtrusive fillings for the background of the representation of human scenery, but also landscape as such could become a subject-matter of top-rank interest and of sufficient importance to fill the whole picture. We see the transitory stage in Poussin's landscapes where human scenery plays at least a decorative rôle for the main subject, the representation of non-human surroundings. Again, Albert Cuyp took cattle especially as animators of such

* Pitrim A. Sorokin : *Social and Cultural Dynamics.* (Volume I, New York, 1937).

† See Flinders Petrie : ' History and Art.' (*Antiquity*, England, 1931).

‡ Nicolaus Pevsner : *The Leaves of Southwell.* (London, 1945).

pictures, and later on Dutch artists such as Jan van Huysum and Jacob van Walscapelle were even able to paint flowers as the sole subject matter of their canvases, only occasionally animated by snails, bees or butterflies. In the second place, we should remember that the appearance of landscape paintings coincides with the summit of portrait painting—notably by Rembrandt. It is the feminine power of the soul mastered by the masculine power of representation, although in the strongly feminized manner of pictorial (' *malerisch* ') painting, which so expresses itself. The human face and the extra-human nature thus became simultaneously the material in which the masculine of the late Baroque art finds its natural element of expression. We have shown elsewhere that the development of the feminine type is slower than that of the masculine, and it is for this reason that we have at that period no remarkable women portrait or landscape painters, but only two or three like Clara Peeters and Rachel Ruysch amongst the flower painters. It is, too, for the same reasons that those Dutch flower-pieces and still-life pictures evoke the feeling that ' you could lift that vase or basket, smell the flowers and choose one of them for your buttonhole.'* Colson refers us to Bernhard Berenson's apt description of this feeling as ' tactile ' or touch value, and it is well established now that the tactile sense is a feminine sexual quality.

* Percy Colson : *Dutch Flower-Pieces.* (London, 1937).

THE SPENDTHRIFT

Slowly, slowly the beautiful spring returns ;
Slowly the leaf from green to crimson burns—
Men hasten, but the earth is still and slow.

The long hours of the sunlight gild the corn ;
The long hours of the winter on the thorn
Nurse April's blossom in a world of snow.

Each year perfects some marvel of its own—
I see them as the water sees the stone,
A moment's image in the depth below.

Indifferent as the torrent, and as blind,
Beauty and peace I pass and leave behind
Impatient for some goal I do not know.

Time for its coin has all eternity ;
I, spendthrift heir, have pledged that treasury,
And soon must pay in death the debt I owe.

ANTHONY WOODHOUSE

THE SEED, THE IRON

Farmer, sow the seed
And drag the harrow over :
Now seed is safe from sun
And the famished plover.

The seed is tender stuff
And tractor's wheels are iron,
But it is iron that helps
Seed and man and woman.

It is iron on tenderness
That ensures the tender growing :
From seed, iron hammers the grain,
From flesh, the loving.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

THE SALMON LEAP

Leaves and not birds now flit,
Brighter than yellow wagtail and cole-tit,
Or on the water lie
Making a sunset in the fishes' sky.

Autumn for salmon-trout
Is spring, and Io Hymen boulders shout,
Spate, drawing them to spawn
Where on high hills the river keeps its dawn.

From rock-lipt lynn to lynn,
Shaking the ferns and grasses with their din,
The cascades overflow
And pour in pools to rise as boiling snow ;

Tossing their bodies bare
The salmon-trout are seen tasting our air,
For stronger is the flood
That rages in their few small drops of blood.

ANDREW YOUNG

RILKE'S METAPHYSICAL CONCEPTION OF EVIL

A Commentary on the Third Duino Elegy

R. D. MILLER

ONE of the most important things to realise about the *Duino Elegies* is that it is not from a moral, but from a metaphysical point of view that Rilke regards life in this work. True, some of his commentators profess to find traces of moral considerations; for instance Dr Günther in his book *Weltinnenraum* argues that in allowing the youth in the Tenth Elegy freedom to make up his mind whether or not to follow the beautiful 'Klage', Rilke tries at the eleventh hour to make room in his work for the idea of moral freedom. But as regards this particular passage, most readers will get a very different impression; it is not because of some personal failure to make the right moral decision that the youth turns back, but because there is something incompatible between ordinary life and the depth of experience symbolised by 'Klage'

> Aber er lässt sie, kehrt um,
> wendet sich, winkt . . . Was solls? Sie ist eine Klage.*

She fades out of the picture with an inevitability that by no means suggests a moral struggle, and only the dead, who have been weaned of worldly distractions, can really appreciate her.

> Nur die jungen Toten, im ersten Zustand
> zeitlosen Gleichmuts, dem der Entwöhnung,
> folgen ihr liebend.†

And as regards the Elegies as a whole, Rilke is interested in man not so much *per se*, but in his relation to the primal world, the world for instance of the animals and the little creatures and the birds of the Eighth Elegy; if in the Seventh, Ninth and Tenth Elegies he finds something in man that distinguishes him from this world, it is certainly not the moral faculty, and he rejoices in the discovery not because he wants man to be different from the primal world, but because he feels that, man having lost his originally complete identity with this world, he is in need of some newly acquired talent, some special rôle by way of compensation. It is the merit of Rudolf Kassner in particular that he brings out this important fact quite clearly, namely, that Rilke regards man under his primal aspect rather than under his specifically

* But he leaves her, turns back, looks round and waves . . . What's the use? She's just a Lament.

† Only the youthfully dead, in the first state of timeless serenity, namely of being weaned, follow her lovingly.

human aspect. Rilke, says Kassner in his *Recollections of Rainer Maria Rilke* (1926),* could never have been a true dramatist; for that he would have had to deal with the world of guilt, of responsibility, of freedom : ' er hätte sich dann irgendwie wit der Welt des Sohnes auseinandersetzen müssen, mit der Welt der Schuld, der Verantwortung, der Freiheit.'

Yet in one of the Elegies, the Third, the question of guilt does seem to arise ; in fact Rilke himself uses the word ' schuldig', a word he very rarely uses elsewhere in the Elegies.

jenen verborgenen schuldigen Fluss-Gott des Bluts.

' The hidden guilty river-god of the blood.' What is this guilty something present in the male lover ? Why should Rilke in this Elegy show himself conscious of human guilt when such a conception is foreign to the philosophy underlying the Elegies ? Is there or is there not a contradiction between this Elegy and the Elegies as a whole ? Why is it only in this Elegy that Rilke mentions hate and lust ?

Welche
Frauen hassten dich da. Was für finstere Männer
regtest du auf . . . †

Does not Rilke depict the lover first as weakly resisting temptation, then as passively yielding to it, and finally as actively desiring the evil within him ?

wer wehrte . . .
wie er sich einliess . . .
wie er verstrickt war . . .
wie er sich hingab.—Liebte. ‡

And does not this constitute a moral struggle, a moral failure ?

Before we can hope to answer these questions we must go back to the preceding Elegy and try to understand the relations between these two Elegies and what exactly it is that the Third Elegy adds to the meaning of the Second. In the Second Elegy, Rilke draws a sharp contrast between the evanescent nature of man and the apparently enduring nature of the world of inanimate things ; for while our human identity—our feelings, our appearance, our very smile—appears to be continually evaporating, there appears to be nothing so self-contained, so pure and lasting in its identity as a thing.

Siehe, die Bäume sind ; die Häuser,
die wir bewohnen, bestehn noch. Wir nur
ziehen allem vorbei wie ein luftiger Austausch. §

Only lovers, in their increased self-awareness, feel their identity to be

*Published in Kassner's *Buch der Erinnerung*. (Insel-Verlag, 1938.)

† What women hated you in him ! What sinister men you roused . . .

‡ Who could avert ? . . . How he responded ! . . . Was ensnared ! . . . Gave himself up to it ! Loved !

§ Look, the trees exist ! The houses we live in still endure. We only pass everything by like an airy motion.

permanent in the way in which the identity of a thing is permanent; they alone promise themselves eternity from their embrace.

So versprecht ihr euch Ewigkeit fast
von der Umarmung.*

Yet when Rilke comes to examine the lovers' claim to pure existence—

weil ihr darunter das reine
Dauern verspürt . . .†

he discovers a strange contradiction in the nature of man, one which distinguishes him sharply from things. It really amounts to this: that the more he is himself, the more he is in danger of losing his self. By rights the moment of fulfilment in love should be the moment when the lovers feel their identity most intensely, and yet it is just at this moment that they are swallowed up by an engulfing force beyond their knowledge or control.

o wie entgeht dann der Trinkende seltsam der Handlung.‡

Rilke does not discuss this engulfing force in the Second Elegy; he says simply that the lovers fade from the action, without saying what takes their place. It is in the Third Elegy that he describes it, and with such evocative power as to suggest that he himself has fallen in love with the jungle within him, at least as a theme for poetry. But the important thing to understand is that he does not introduce it out of the blue, but that the dark ancestral force is presented as the something within us which prevents us from experiencing the pure identity which he has already set up as the ideal in the Second Elegy. We are now in a position to understand the metaphysical, as distinct from the moral implications of the Third Elegy. Just as in the Second Elegy, when he speaks of the lovers' claim to ' pure ' existence, he is referring to metaphysical purity, the purity of a thing, and not to moral purity, so in the Third Elegy when he speaks of the ' guilty ' something within the male he means the something that deprives him of the metaphysical purity of things.§ In this connection it is interesting to note that in the Ninth Elegy Rilke describes things as ' *schuldlos* ' (' guiltless '). Nor is this the only verbal indication we can find of the strictly metaphysical and amoral way in which he regards not only things but also man: just as in the Seventh Elegy he uses the ' stars ' as a symbol for the pure existence of things—

und bog
Sterne zu sich aus gesicherten Himmeln . . . ||

* So you promise yourself eternity almost from your embrace.

† Because you perceive thereunder pure duration.

‡ Oh, how strangely the actor fades from the scene!

§ As Kassner says in his essay written for the sixtieth anniversary of Rilke's birthday (also published in the *Buch der Erinnerung*), in Rilke's world the only sin is the failure to attain a state of pure being: ' Sünder ' in seiner Welt ist der Versäumende . . . der nicht bis zum Sein . . . gelangt.

|| And bent stars from established heavens towards it.

—so in the Third he asks whether it is not from ' the stars ' that the lover derives his pleasure in his loved one's face.

Ihr Sterne,
stammt nicht von euch des Liebenden Lust zu dem Antlitz
seiner Geliebten ?*

In both passages the stars stand not for a morally irreproachable existence, but simply for a metaphysically pure existence. It is easy to accept Rilke's metaphysical way of regarding things ; not so easy, but not less important to realise that it is from precisely the same point of view that he looks at man.† And the main point about the Third Elegy is that he deplores the mighty jungle that luxuriates in all of us, not in itself, not because it is morally reprehensible, but because it precludes the possibility of pure existence. For what does Rilke mean when he speaks of man's dark inheritance ? What is this unknowable something (' *das Unkenntliche* '), this primal blood (' *das ältere Blut* ') ? What are these ancestral floods (' *die Fluten der Herkunft* '), these ancient terrors (' *ältere Schrecken* ') ? What else does Rilke mean than that, man being the latest of many generations of men, all of whose lives have been given up to the very negation of metaphysically pure existence, he too is carried irresistibly onwards by the advancing waters of the past, helpless in the grip of causality. It is this temporal aspect of human life and its dependence upon the past (upon ' *Vorzeit* ') that Rilke stresses, in contrast to the pure existence of things, their apparent immunity from the ravages of time.

Siehe, wir lieben nicht, wie die Blumen, aus einem einzigen Jahr.‡

Man can never have any real identity because he has never had any real beginning.

Aber begann er sich je ?§

It is not just that his identity is fugitive, as Rilke complains in the Second Elegy, but that it is not wholly his. Instead of saying

dies kam dir, Mädchen, zuvor||

—Rilke might just as well have said ' Dies kommt uns allen zuvor'**; for in the first place it is man and his own identity that the past has got the start of, and only in the second place the woman who loves him.

We asked towards the beginning whether there was not some element of a moral judgment in man's attitude to his own inner ' wilderness '. The answer is that in this work man is so closely

* You stars, whence but from you springs the lover's delight in the face of the beloved ?

† Cf. Rilke's letter to Marie von Bunsen, September 22nd, 1918 : ' Surely something must have vanished, fallen away from the proportions of a door or window . . . before such an unholy age as ours could have become possible ? ' Quoted from *Rilke's Letters*, translated by R. F. C. Hull. (Macmillan, 1946.)

‡ See, it is not from a single season, like the flowers, that our love springs up.

§ Did he ever begin himself, though ?

|| This got the start of you, maid.

** This gets the start of us all.

associated with the metaphysical order of things that the question of his making a judgment on it (and on his relations to it) from outside never arises. Man is so interwoven with nature that there can be no question of any freedom, no question of a moral judgment, and no question of any personal guilt. Man may make a faint unavailing motion of independence, as though a figure in a tapestry were to struggle to come to life, but when we look again we can see only the warp and the woof, the surface threads that run across and through it and apart from which it has no existence. There is never any question of defiance, for the simple reason that it is impossible for a man to feel defiance towards an order to which he belongs as intimately as the waves belong to the ocean.* There is just a trace of resistance, just enough to excite pity, and no more. The vain attempt of the girl to recall her lover from the dark forces enveloping him—

Ruf ihn . . . du rufst ihn nicht ganz aus dunkelem Umgang†

—the faint effort that is all he can make—

Freilich, er *will*, er entspringt . . .‡

—the fragile figure of his mother standing between her child and 'chaos'—

da du ihm einfach
mit der schlanken Gestalt wallendes Chaos vertratst?§

—and the final appeal to the girl to help her lover by her gentleness, by the ordinary daily tasks she executes, by her restraining influence—

O leise, leise,
tu ein liebes vor ihm, ein verlässliches Tagwerk . . .
Verhalt ihn . . .‖

—all this produces an impression not of human freedom, but of human pathos. It is quite true that the note of rebellion is sounded in this Elegy—

. . . aufrufend die Nacht zu unendlichem Aufruhr

—yet the rebellion is not that *of* the individual, but the rebellion that occurs *within* the individual when he ceases to be himself and becomes merely a channel for the mighty ancestral waters to flow through. This is why the final words 'Restrain him!' include in their connotation the sense of 'Protect him!'; it is not really the

*'Gibt es eine Welt, worin Trotz so unvorstellbar und so sinnlos wäre wie in jener Rilkes?' ('Is there any world in which defiance would be quite so unimaginable and senseless as in Rilke's?') Kassner, *On the Sixtieth Anniversary of Rilke's Birthday*.

† Call to him! . . . Yet you cannot quite recall him from the enveloping darkness.

‡ Truly, he tries, he struggles away . . .

§ When with no more than your slender figure you stood between him and tumultuous chaos?

‖ Oh, gently, gently, show him daily a loving, reliable task done . . . Restrain him . . .

individual who is to be restrained, but the inner forces against which the individual is helpless.

Thus, so far from there being any inconsistency between this Elegy and the others, in the identification of man with nature, in pathos, in what for want of a better word we can only describe as determinism, it is in accord with the philosophy underlying the work as a whole. It is not difficult to find points of contact with the other Elegies. Even verbally the final words ' Verhalt ihn . . .' echo the alosing words of the preceding Elegy, reminding us of what we have clready noted, the vital connection between these two Elegies.

> Fänden auch wir ein reines, *verhaltenes*,
> schmales Menschliches . . .*

Again the mother's smile, which is as nothing against the stronger appeal of her son's own dark instincts—

> Selten
> hast du so zärtlich gelächelt, Mutter.†

—reminds us of the evanescent smile of the Second Elegy—

> O Lächeln, wohin ? ‡

—and of the shy fleeting smile that the boy sends across to his mother in the Fifth Elegy, a smile that fades with typical Rilkean inevitability, absorbed in an almost physical way by the texture of the boy's body.

> doch an deinen Körper verliert sich,
> der es flächig verbraucht, das schüchtern
> kaum versuchte Gesicht . . .§

But the most important parallel is that between the boy in the Third Elegy, protected outwardly by his mother, but inwardly defenceless—

> Aber innen : wer wehrte,
> hinderte innen in ihm die Fluten der Herkunft ?‖

—and the child at the end of the Fourth. The parallel is important because it brings out in a particularly clear way the distinction that we have been trying to make in this essay, between evil resulting from some moral failure and evil proceeding inevitably from the nature of things. Though the evil of the Fourth Elegy—the preponderance of conscious thought and the habit it engenders of thinking more of the relations between things than of the things themselves—is quite different from the evil of the Third, it has this in common with it, that it belongs inevitably to human life and can be avoided only in

* If only we too might discover some perfect, narrow, *restrained* field of humanity . . .

† Seldom so tender, mother, was even your smile.

‡ O smile, whither ?

§ But it's lost in your body, whose surface absorbs it, the timid scarcely attempted look . . .

‖ But within—who averted, obstructed within him the hereditary waters ?

childhood. Just as the dark ancestral waters rise up within the boy in the Third Elegy, so the habit of conscious thought creeps upon the child in the Fourth.

> Wer zeigt ein Kind, so wie es steht? Wer stellt
> es ins Gestirn und gibt das Mass des Abstands
> ihm in die Hand?*

The point is that a child values a thing in itself, and not just in relation to other things, not just in relation to the 'constellation' in which it stands; a child is fortunate in not possessing a 'measuring-rod' with which it might be tempted to measure the distance between things and relate them, thus spoiling its pure appreciation of any one thing. Yet as it grows up it does begin to relate things, it does become aware of the total constellation of things, it does measure one thing against another; and it does so not because it is forced to do so by anyone, not because anyone places a measuring-rod in its hand, but simply because the tendency to look at things in the new way grows up within it. Thus if its original pure state passes away, suffers a death (a '*Kindertod*', as Rilke says), this occurs not through any act of violence, but through a natural process taking place within the child. Death, in the sense of the passing of its childish purity of perception, is contained as naturally and ineradicably within the child as the core is contained within the apple.

> so wie den Gröps
> von einem schönen Apfel.

It is at this point that Rilke makes explicit what in the Third Elegy is merely implicit. It is not at the hands of a 'murderer', he says, that the child's original purity suffers death, not through any act of moral evil, but through the maturing of its own nature.

> Mörder sind
> leicht einzusehen. Aber dies: den Tod,
> den ganzen Tod, noch vor dem Leben so
> sanft zu enthalten und nicht bös zu sein,
> ist unbeschreiblich.†

Rilke is usually entirely absorbed in metaphysics, to the exclusion of any moral considerations; but here for a moment he shifts his point of view in order to set metaphysical evil over against moral evil, making the distinction between the two more explicit than anywhere else in the Elegies. And the conclusion that forces itself upon Rilke is that, no matter in what violent and startling form moral evil may express itself, the evil that arises, however gradually and imperceptibly, from metaphysical necessity is indescribably more tragic.

* Who'll show a child just as it is? Who'll set it within its constellation and place in its hands the measure of distance?

† Murderers are easily recognised. But this: to hold death, complete death, even before life has begun, so gently within oneself, and have nothing of evil, is indescribable.

SI KULU LEZ' ISISWE

(From the Zulu War-Song during the 1906 *Rebellion)*

Great must be this people that, one strong purpose binding,
Is like a great black snake along the valleys winding,
Whose scales are shields, whose teeth are spears, who thunders as
he goes,
Whose crests of feathers flutter like the faint heart of his foes,
Who rises in the daybreak from the forest dark and cool
And goes to drink at sunset from the crimson-coloured pool.

Translated by ROY CAMPBELL

THE DEATH-MASK

A Regency Conversation-Piece

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

[*It is late evening on a November day in the year* 1810, *one week after the death of George III's youngest daughter, Princess Amelia. Outside a steady drizzle falls. Pattens clink and hackney coaches rattle over the cobbles of Fleet Street and above their mingled din rises from time to time the voice of St. Clement's bells chiming the hours, half-hours and quarters. Inside we are in the work-shop attached to* MRS SALMON'S CELEBRATED WAX-WORK, *a long, low shed jutting out to the rear of Prince Henry's House, the beautiful old house where his three feathers are still to been seen here and there, carved in wood or moulded in plaster, though the most conspicuous ornament of the exterior is the gilded image of a large salmon. Dark now are the three large upper rooms in which at other times Royalties and celebrities, bishops, players and highwaymen, stiff of limb, vacant of eye, are exhibited to the public in a shimmer of lamplight at an entrance fee of one shilling, children being admitted half-price. Dark, too, is the toyshop occupying the ground floor. The Beefeater, complete with halberd, who has been posted all day at the street entrance stands with his vacuous countenance against the wall, surrounded by punchinellos, pegtops, dolls, toy-trumpets, glass beads, and all the flimsy, tawdry stock-in-trade of a third-rate 'Fancy Bazaar'. His companion, Mother Shipton, is huddled in a corner, her Welsh hat askew, and her red cloak hanging off one shoulder, her spinning wheel at her side. A thin seam of light from the folding doors leading to the*

workshop paints a yellow stripe down both her face and figure. This workshop, lit by both lamps and tallow 'dips,' is a scene of considerable activity. Garments of frayed and faded velvet and satin are piled up on chairs, on shelves, and on the floor. In one corner sprawls a huddle of black cloth fretted with moth-eaten patches and flanked by writhing cords and tassels of shabby purple. In the opposite corner stands a disrobed but not dewigged female effigy, staring cataleptically at the company, the hollow framework of her torso ending in a pair of legs of which only the feet (shod in soiled blue silk shoes) are shaped in any semblance of humanity. Three girls are sitting at work. One, a pert, rather pretty young person in a gown of sprigged Indian cotton, is stitching a strip of mock miniver to a royal robe of much-rubbed cotton plush: she is NANCY CLARK, *elder daughter of the present proprietress of the Wax-Work. Her younger sister,* PATTY, *in a high-waisted dress of the same stuff as her sister's, is cheerfully absorbed in her task of stringing a necklace of bloated-looking artificial pearls.* SUKEY, *the apprentice, a pallid, meagre-faced girl clothed in nondescript drab and brown, sits combing and re-curling a grey wig of clerical fashion perched on a wigblock which is screwed to the edge of the large, central work-table. The only person not actively engaged in any sort of task is* MRS CLARK *herself, a corpulent, blowzy woman who has been handsome in her day but whose features have been blurred and discoloured by long addiction to strong potations. A pint pot of porter, three-quarters full, is planted within easy reach of her hand, and her slippered feet repose upon a gilded, red-cushioned stool borrowed from Queen Elizabeth. She has a thimble on her finger, a threaded needle impaling her abundant bosom, and a length of cheap white satin across her knee: but for the moment she is more taken up with directing the labours of others than in prosecuting her own.*]

MRS CLARK [*as the strokes of St. Clement's die away*] : I can't think why Ben is so slow. If he didn't get to the office in time, the notice won't be in Monday's paper. And if you miss Monday's you may as well miss all the other days of the week too.

NANCY : Never mind, Ma. It don't signify Ben coming back slow if he went there quick.

MRS CLARK [*refreshing herself from the pint pot*] : Now I remember. I *did* say he might go round by Mortimer Street to enquire about that death-mask.

NANCY [*shrewdly*] : It will cost a pretty penny, Ma, if Mr Nollekens has anything to do with it.

MRS CLARK : Who says he *is* going to have anything to do with it, Miss Pert?

NANCY : Well, ain't he?

MRS CLARK : He's getting old. Black Bet can manage to oblige me, if she wants to. And she *does* want to. And *that* won't cost a pretty penny. She'd be quite contented with a good dish of tripe and a drop of porter, would Black Bet.

NANCY : Poor old soul—I wonder she puts up with it.

MRS CLARK : Fifty years, she told me once—and never a good hot meal cooked in that kitchen. And as for work . . .

[SUKEY *glances up from her task as if she could a tale unfold, but she says nothing, and her fingers do not pause.*]

PATTY : Ma, is Black Bet a blackamoor born ? Ben says she ain't, but I say she is.

MRS CLARK : I've wondered myself, sometimes. It's hard to tell whether it's dirt makes her look so dark, or the natural colour of her. I should think myself that it was a bit of each.

PATTY : She told me that Mr Nollekens' pupils call her ' Bronze'. That is a prettier name than Black Bet.

MRS CLARK [*condescending to crack a joke*] : Well, they couldn't very well call her ' Marble.'

[*The three girls laugh, as in duty bound.*]

NANCY [*with a wistful glance at the material, dead white and coldly brilliant, draped across her mother's knee*] : Fancy having a *shroud* of white satin ! More like a wedding-dress. Seems a pity to use it for a shroud.

MRS CLARK [*suddenly assuming her Exhibition accents, deep and deliberate*] : It is well known that Royalty is always interred in White Satin. And, anyway [*returning to her normal voice*] we can always use it for one of the other figures when the Lying-in-State don't attract no more.

NANCY : How long do you think it *will* attract, Ma ?

MRS CLARK : For the best part of three months—maybe four—but not longer.

NANCY [*still eyeing the white satin wistfully*] : Seems hardly worth while, do it ?

MRS CLARK : Why not ? We've got to keep up to date. We've got to have novelties. Isn't the public deserting us for that French Wax-Work ? There was twice as many coaches outside Madam Toosawd's last week as there was outside *here*.

NANCY : I do wish I could see the French Wax-Work, Ma.

MRS CLARK [*indignantly*] : Ho, do you, indeed ! That's a nice dutiful spirit, I *must* say.

NANCY [*adroitly*] : Oh, only to see if it's better nor ours, Ma.

MRS CLARK : How *could* it be, you silly chit ? It's foreign. And it's French, too, and everyone knows that's the worst way of being foreign. If I was King George I wouldn't have any of them French foreigners over here. Who knows what mischief they mightn't do !

NANCY : Ain't some of 'em as much against Boney as *we* are ?

MRS CLARK [*darkly*] : Some of 'em *says* they are. But what *I* say is—once a foreigner, always a foreigner. And as for that Madam—as she calls herself—Too-sawd—wasn't she hand-in-glove with them wicked Jacobins ?

NANCY [*laying down her needle*] : Oh, Ma—she didn't help to murder the poor King and Queen ? *Did* she, Ma ?

[SUKEY *looks up to listen to* MRS CLARK'S *reply, but* PATTY *continues to string her pearls in a detached manner.*]

MRS CLARK : Maybe not exactly *help*. I couldn't undertake to say, I'm sure. But those dreadful Revolutionaries—as they call themselves—they got her to make wax models of the faces of the great folk that had their heads cut off. A nice job for a female, I *must* say.

NANCY [*shuddering*] : Ooh ! How could she do it ?

MRS CLARK [*handsomely*] : I suppose she hadn't much choice, really—not with people like *that*.

NANCY : And are those wax models on show ?

MRS CLARK : I believe so. And there is red paint dabbed on their necks—to make 'em look as if they . . .

NANCY : Oh, don't, Ma !

MRS CLARK [*after taking a deep pull at the pint pot*] : It's sickening to think that the public will go to see such things. They ought to be ashamed of themselves, drat 'em.

NANCY : You—you wouldn't have anything like that—ever—would you, Ma ?

MRS CLARK [*resuming her Exhibition voice and accompanying her words with large, rhetorical gestures*] : Salmon's Wax-Work—the original British Wax-Work—established in seventeen-hundred-and-eleven—patronized by the Nobility and Gentry and the Learned Professions—Salmon's Wax-Work offers no Spectacle that could offend the most chaste Mind or startle the most refined Eye. And it won't never—not if I know it.

NANCY : But this Lying-in-State, Ma—Princess Amelia's Lying-in-State . . .

MRS CLARK : What are you talking about, girl ? What *could* be more refined ?

NANCY : It's so sad, Ma.

MRS CLARK : Of course it's sad. But there isn't anything unrefined about sadness. You'll see—there won't be a dry eye the first time we show it. And that'll be Monday. So get on with your work, all of you.

[*She sets the example by extracting the threaded needle from her bosom and continuing to hem the white satin shroud, though not very competently, for her hand shakes.*]

NANCY [*pursuing her train of thought*] : But this death-mask, that Mr Nollekens is going to take at Windsor—Ma, I *do* think it is a horrid idea, somehow.

MRS CLARK [*pausing in her needlework and fixing her elder daughter with*

a stern look] : Ho, do you indeed ! Setting yourself up to know better than your Ma, ain't you ? Let me tell *you*, Miss, that the death-mask is the very thing that'll fetch 'em. I'll show Madam Too-what-is-it that I can beat her at her own game . . .

NANCY : Oh, Ma, but you said you *wouldn't* . . .

MRS CLARK [*controlling her temper with difficulty*] : What I said was, I wouldn't have no horrors—none of them *gashly* heads—no red paint—and no more I won't. But what we've *got* to do is to draw the public away from the French Wax-Work and back to the British. It's our bread-and-butter, that is. Have you forgotten what I've put on the hand-bills that Ben is going to take round ?

NANCY : No, Ma.

MRS CLARK [*quoting*] : ' Likeness Warranted. Truth Guaranteed. Actual Features of the lamented Princess. The Lying-in-State of Her Royal Highness. To be seen only at Salmon's Wax-Work Exhibition, Fleet Street, near Temple Bar '.

NANCY : But we can't *say* that it was modelled from the death-mask that the Prince Regent ordered Mr Nollekens to make.

MRS CLARK [*regretfully*] : No, I suppose we can't. It would be a wonderful attraction if we dared—but we daren't.

NANCY : But who's to *know*, Ma ? We could always *say* it was the Princess's ' actual features '. Antonio could model from one of her portraits. I'm sure he'd do it beautiful.

MRS CLARK [*resuming her needlework*] : If Black Bet can't get him a sight of the death-mask, that's what he'll have to do. But now that the public has seen such a lot of genu-ine death-masks I'd be afraid they'd notice the difference.

NANCY [*with a shiver*] : Ooh, there's a goose walks over my grave every time I think about them things.

MRS CLARK [*smartly*] : Then it's a goose walking over a goose's grave, that's what it is.

[SUKEY *and* PATTY *giggle dutifully, but* NANCY *for once does not join in.*]

NANCY : I tell you, Ma, I don't like it.

MRS CLARK : Why, what has come over the girl ?

NANCY : Making a show of the poor Princess's face. What'd she feel if she knew ?

MRS CLARK [*puffing with exasperation*] : And pray, Miss, did you ever hear of any members of the Royal Family raising any objection to being exhibited in wax ?

NANCY : Not as if they was *alive*, Ma. With their eyes open and all. It's this death-mask. They say she was very pretty . . .

MRS CLARK : What of it ? All the better, if she was.

NANCY : And they say she was in love with someone—a bit older than herself—that they wouldn't let her marry. And the Queen was *ever* so unkind to her, poor thing . . . [*A loud sniff completes the sentence.*]

MRS CLARK [*drawing up her relaxed figure and glaring at* NANCY *with protuberant, angry eyes*] : Ho ! So that's it ! You fancy yourself another Princess Amelia, do you ? And you're still hankering after that Popish Eye-talian, are you ? And I'm [*mimicking her sentimental tone*] ' *ever* so unkind ', am I ? What next ? I'd really like to know what next !

NANCY : I didn't mean any harm, Ma. But I always felt sort of interested in Princess Amelia. Our birthdays were on the same day, you know, and she was only four years older than me. Antonio saw her once in the King's box at Covent Garden. He said the turn of her head was a little like mine.

MRS CLARK : Stuff and nonsense ! And where is your precious Antonio this evening ? Just when he's wanted, too.

NANCY [*timidly*] : He's gone half-price to the Opera, Ma.

MRS CLARK [*with a loud snort*] : The Opera !

NANCY : But he don't mind working late, Ma.

MRS CLARK : It would be all the same if he did.

[*There is a brief silence during which* MRS CLARK *refreshes herself from the pint pot in the intervals of hemming the white satin shroud.*]

NANCY [*conciliating*] : I say, Ma. Supposing Mrs Bet can't get us a sight of that—*you* know what—supposing she *can't* : what will you do then ?

MRS CLARK [*after a moment's reflection*] : Oh, *then*—well, I'd have to make do with the face of the sleeping shepherdess—the one we're using for the *body*, anyway—the one that lays so sweet on the green bank with her lamb beside her. Of course Antonio'd have to alter the features a bit—hollow out the cheeks and put on a thin coating of pure white wax. It would be awkward if the public recognized her—she's such a popular exhibit ; always was, from the first.

NANCY [*loyally*] : They won't recognize her after Antonio's finished with her, Ma—he's that clever, he is.

MRS CLARK [*changing the subject abruptly*] : Sukey—haven't you nearly done the Archbishop of Canterbury's wig ?

SUKEY [*with a rich Cockney twang*] : Oin't quoite, ma'am—pretty near, though.

MRS CLARK : Well, hurry up. You'll have to do John Wesley's, before you go to bed—and maybe John Wilkes', too.

[SUKEY *steals a longing glance at her pallet under a shelf at the end of the workshop : then, with a sigh, she starts winding another grey curl round her forefinger.*]

MRS CLARK : And you'll have to be up betimes tomorrow, all of you girls. There's a lot of work to be done on those draperies over there before Monday. The moth-eaten patches will have to be folded in or darned over. Terrible, they are. I'd no idea how that stuff had perished since we had them hangings out last.

NANCY : For the death of Sir John Moore, wasn't it, Ma ?

MRS CLARK [*pausing with her needle in mid-air*] : Let's see. Yes. It would be for Sir John Moore. I bought the whole lot cheap after Lord Nelson's funeral. Oh, well, it will have to serve again. This white satin was cruel dear—but when it comes to royalties nothing will do *but* white satin—worse luck.

[*There is a sound of approaching footsteps on the further side of the folding doors that communicate with the shop, hurried footsteps which stumble over Mother Shipton's spinning-wheel and seem to get involved with the halberd of the Beefeater. Then the doors swing apart to admit young* BEN, *the only son of the house of Clark and the only man of the family. He is a stunted but not a puny youth, sallow and flashy, yet good-humoured looking. His top-knot is lavishly macassared, his spotted neckerchief is of the colour and form known to be favoured by that prince of 'pugs,' Jem Belcher. At twenty-two he is already—in his own conceit at least—a wise and wary man of the world. With his jaunty bearing there is incongruously associated a certain cautious alertness, as if he dreaded a box on the ear from Ma.*]

MRS CLARK : Ah, *there* you are ! Were you in time ?

BEN : 'Course I was in time.

MRS CLARK : Will it be in on Monday ?

BEN : On Monday without fail. And every day for the rest of the week. And after that, *once* a week till further instructions. Ain't I a good boy to have got it all pat ?

MRS CLARK : Did they make you pay in advance ?

BEN : You bet your life they did.

MRS CLARK : For how long ?

BEN : The first week.

MRS CLARK : How much have you brought home out of that pound I give you ?

BEN : How much do you think ?

[*He turns out his breeches pockets in expressive pantomime.*]

MRS CLARK [*suspiciously*] : Where did it all go ?

BEN : Sixteen bob advertisement. Two bob handbills—I've got 'em here [*he slaps his coat-tail pockets*] and two bob on what you'd forgotten, Mrs C.—*Brunswick's Tears*. The printer had just finished 'em, so I brought 'em along with me.

[*With a flourish he produces a sheaf of leaflets.*]

MRS CLARK: [*taking one of the smudgy, brittle sheets from him and contemplating with satisfaction the broken column and the weeping willow at the top of the 'poem'*] : Well, I will say that Mr Crabfoot can turn out a very pretty set of verses. Give him a twist of snuff and a pint of porter, and he'll turn you out as pretty a set of verses as you'd wish to see at two-pence a line. And he don't take long about it, neither.

BEN : And talking of porter, Ma . . .

MRS CLARK [*following the direction of his eyes*] : I've just finished mine.

BEN [*with mock dismay*] : Ain't there a drop left for your talented and hard-working son Benjamin ? I've got a thirst, Ma, after all that running to and fro.

MRS CLARK : We'll have a bit of supper presently and a little drop of something to drink.

NANCY : Ben—I say, Ben—did you go round by Mortimer Street ? Did you see Mrs Bet ?

BEN : I did.

MRS CLARK : Lud, *that* was what I mean to ask ! Any news from Windsor ?

BEN : Not yet, Ma. Mr Nollekens left for Windsor at eight o'clock last night. All dressed up he was in that old purple suit of his what he always wears when he goes to see royalty. And he had his tackle with him, ready to take the mask as soon as he got there.

MRS CLARK : Well ?

BEN [*seating himself on the edge of the work-table*] : Mrs Bet says he ought by rights to have got home by mid-day today. She can't make out what's keeping him.

MRS CLARK : Drat the man ! If he doesn't bring back that mask tonight it'll be too late for Antonio to work on his copy over Sunday, and have it ready for Monday. All them advertisements will be wasted. I never knew anything happen so con-trary.

BEN : He went down in a chay with Mr Tyrwhitt—Bet says. I say, Ma ! *I* shouldn't like to sit in a closed chay with old Nolly !

PATTY [*showing interest for the first time*] Why not ?

BEN : Because old Noll smells worse nor fish-glue, that's why.

MRS CLARK : That's enough, Ben.

BEN : Well, don't he, Ma ?

MRS CLARK [*archly*] : Not having had the honour of Mr Joseph Nollekens' company in a closed chay—can't say, I'm sure.

[*The three young* CLARKS *and* SUKEY *pay to her wit the tribute of laughter which is expected of them.*]

BEN : Ma, you *are* a one !

NANCY [*reverting to her former idea*] : Maybe there won't be any death-mask made after all.

BEN : What then ? We've put in the paper that the Lying-in-State will be exact in every pertickler. Who's to prove that it ain't ?

NANCY : That's what I said to Ma.

BEN [*handsomely*] : Not that I grudge poor old Bet whatever it is that she's to get in exchange for a sight of Princess A. in plaster.

MRS CLARK : I hope you didn't promise nothing, Ben ?

BEN : What d'you take me for ? I said the same as you said before—that you'd be obliged—very *much* obliged. And ain't you glad, Ma, that your sharp son spotted Mrs Bet gazing at the Exhibition from the outside, and invited her to come in free of charge ?

MRS CLARK : She'd never been able to pay to come in—not on what Nollekens gives her. Yes, Ben, I won't say but what it was a good notion. We've got several pieces of useful information

out of her—and got 'em cheap, too. [*Suddenly brisk*] Now, then you girls, don't sit gaping. And you, Ben—just you measure me out seven yards of that black material—try to find a length that's not too much eaten by moths.

BEN [*descending reluctantly from his perch*] : What for, Ma ? It ain't time to drape the couch yet.

MRS CLARK : Never you mind what for. Get your yardstick and do as I tell you.

BEN [*extracting the yardstick from a drawer under the table*] : Yours to command, Mrs. C.

NANCY : *I* know what it's for. It's to make a mourning gown for *her*, ain't it, Ma ?

[*She jerks her head towards the effigy in the corner, which usually figures as Mrs Siddons in the role of Queen Katharine but has been selected to represent one of Princess Amelia's grief-stricken attendants in the Lying-in-State tableau.*]

MRS CLARK : In course it is. And I *will* say there's one good thing those Frenchies have done—making tight dresses so fash'nable. It don't take above *half* the material to fit out one of them figures *now* than what it would have took twenty years since.

NANCY : 'Cept the historical ones, Ma, like Queen Elizabeth.

BEN [*facetiously, as he finishes measuring the black cloth*] : Well, Nan, you couldn't hardly expect Queen Bess to follow the latest French fashions, could you ?

[*They now become conscious of a timid tapping beyond the folding doors—beyond the toyshop ; someone is knocking persistently, but not aggressively, at the door opening onto Fleet Street.*]

MRS CLARK : Go and see who it is, Ben. Here—roll up that stuff first and put it on the top shelf. Hurry up. Maybe it's Mrs Bet with news about the death-mask.

[*Ben obeys both parts of the maternal injunction in silence. During his brief absence* MRS CLARK *pushes aside the now-empty pint-pot, gives two dabs to her hair, which she fondly believes to be dressed* à la Grecque, *and prepares to receive with dignity whatever visitor may have sought audience at this late hour.*]

NANCY [*to* SUKEY, *in a tremulous whisper*] : Oh, Sukey, I won't half be pleased if it's Mrs Bet come to say that she can't do as Ma wants, after all.

SUKEY [*with one haggard eye on* MRS CLARK] : Oh, 'ush, Miss, 'ush. That's dyngerous talk, that is.

[BEN *returns, ushering in a tall, attenuated old woman whose face and hands are of a peculiar dim swarthiness compared by one of her master's pupils to* ' *chestnut somewhat tinctured with olive.*' *Mob-cap, poke-bonnet, shawl and gown are of various dusty, sallow colours, ranging from the dead-cabbage yellow of the once-white cap to the murky grey of the once-blue gown.*

She comes in holding a pair of pattens in one claw and a huge, baggy, patched umbrella in the other. It is obvious from the first glance that she carries nothing else. NANCY *breathes again. The newcomer is* ELIZABETH ROSINA CLEMENTS, *otherwise 'Black Bet', otherwise 'Bronze', many years maid of all work in the house of Joseph Nollekens, R.A., sculptor, miser and oddity, of Mortimer Street. She advances hesitantly, with a questioning look in her black eyes.*]

MRS CLARK [*glancing up sharply*] : Oh, it's Mrs Bet. Good evening to you, Mrs Bet. Come in. Set down. Is your umbereller wet? Ben'll take it, if it is.

BLACK BET [*in a low-pitched, bronchitic voice*] : It ain't a-rainin' now, marm—thankee.

[*Doubtful of her reception, conscious that she is about to disappoint her patroness, she does not accept the invitation to 'set down'.*]

MRS CLARK : Set down, Mrs Bet, pray do.

[BLACK BET *obeys, perching diffidently on the edge of the most unassuming chair she can find. All eyes are fixed upon her, though not all with the same expression in them.*]

MRS CLARK [*trying to dissemble her rising impatience*] : Well, since you're here I suppose Mr N. has returned from Windsor, Mrs Bet?

BLACK BET : Yes, marm. I had to wait till he dozed off before I could slip out. He's safe for another hour now.

MRS CLARK : What was the delay, Mrs Bet? My son says you expected him back this morning.

BLACK BET : Yes, marm. Master *said* he'd be back round about noon today. But . . .

MRS CLARK : But *what*?

BLACK BET [*apologetically*] : There weren't—there ain't a-going to be —no mask took.

MRS CLARK : Why on earth *not*? I thought it was all settled. I thought it was the Prince Regent's wish.

BLACK BET : It was, marm. But it seems when master got to Windsor the Princess' ladies made objections. On account of her being so cruel changed by illness, marm. They kept him waiting till this afternoon. And then he was told that he wouldn't be needed. I—I'm very sorry, marm.

[NANCY *can hardly conceal her delight or* MRS CLARK *her disappointment. Poor* BET *rises to her feet, and prepares meekly to shuffle away. But* BEN, *who is a good-natured lad besides being no fool, bends over and whispers in his Mother's ear.*]

BEN : Hard luck, Ma. Can't be helped. Maybe another time. And, I say, Ma. What about giving the poor old Skellinton a bite o' supper all the same?

[MRS CLARK *cogitates for a moment. Then she turns condescendingly to* BLACK BET.]

MRS CLARK [*half-unconsciously echoing her son's words*] : Hard luck, Mrs Bet : but it can't be helped. And—come to think of it—if the poor dear was so changed, it might have been too painful for *our* class of Wax-Work. *We* don't go in for horrors, not as *some* does. You'll stop and have supper ? It's tripe and onions. You're partial to tripe, I believe ?

MRS BET [*quite overwhelmed by such magnanimity and almost dropping her pattens and her umbrella in her emotion*] : Oh, Mrs Clark—oh, marm !

GUY BRENDON

STEPHEN LINTON

'I MUST tell you about Guy Brendon. I first came to know him, you remember, when he was nineteen, and I can assure you, Michael, he was quite different, almost unrecognizably different from the man you may meet from time to time at various continental resorts, out of the season. He spoke very little, but when he did say anything you were struck by the charm of his manner. I suppose he had what one calls " taste " ; his appearance was not undistinguished. Chiefly I recollect his casualness—to me who liked everything cut and dried this was most intriguing—even a certain grace. A good many of his friends—I think you were among them—were put off by his reserve, which was too often taken for coldness : I don't think people realised how untrue this appreciation of him was. I believe it was that restrained quality in his conversation, that almost demure outlook, which ultimately saved him.'

' You mean, perhaps, there was somewhat of the puritan in him—even the prude ? '

' I do not say so. But perhaps you never noticed the warmth of those grey-blue eyes—although I admit they were rather narrow eyes. No, I would like to say a little more first about that outer shell of his, since that was what interested me most at the time. I am sure it was not conceit and I am sure it was never a pose. Such outward tokens of defence were never necessary for a man like Guy Brendon. I believe he gave this impression—call it shyness if you will—because he had withdrawn into himself, but was not wrapped up in himself, carefully tending the essence of the spiritual fire which burnt more fiercely than anyone knew within him. However, I am anticipating, because I never realised so much all those years ago. I may say, nevertheless, that I knew at once that something lay beneath that hard exterior, something infinitely worthwhile, a terrible sensitivity : my only fear was that perhaps he would not allow me to penetrate into the innermost precincts. His was self-control, completeness in himself, exquisite poise, sensibility, the unguarded tower . . . or so it seemed.

'It was through Miss Clark that I did finally meet the boy whom I had singled out so many months before. You look surprised, Michael, but it is quite true; I had had plenty of opportunity of observing him, because it had been forced on me. When his father died Guy went to live with Margaret Clark; I think she was his only close relation still surviving. And she, poor dear, who was so frail did not last for long either, as you know. Of course, I met Guy at her house, or should one call it cottage?—in St. John's Wood. I think I was disappointed at first . . .'

'You mentioned Mr Brendon and implied that it was he who prevented you, or discouraged you from speaking to Guy. Surely you do not mean . . . ?'

'No, Michael. You see I happened to know Mr Brendon quite well at one time. I never liked him—all that air of mystery and great deeds. We had a slight disagreement—Guy would have been about twelve at the time; his mother had died the winter before—and we never spoke to each other again. But I was talking of Margaret Clark. She had been in her day a figure of some influence in the literary world, but she wrote so little—at least only a few fragments survived, like one or two withered rose petals that you might discover pressed in a book laid aside long ago—that it is difficult to give a true estimation of her work. I expect you know that she lived for a long time in Florence and came back to England only a year or so before Brendon's death. I am afraid she was never strong enough to look after Guy. Not that I mean that at his age he wanted any mothering but somehow she lacked vitality, was curiously impressionable, vague and distracted.

'When she invited me to tea one afternoon in the early autumn I think she knew, and wanted me to know, that she would not live that winter through. She took such pains to interest me in Guy's future, hoping, I suppose, that I would take steps to . . . or at any rate to keep a friendly eye on him when she had gone. At that time I can assure you I was not at all willing to commit myself to any such thing. I was very busy collecting material for my biography of Arnold Richardson and what with a voluminous and finicky correspondence with Miss Richardson, and rather indifferent health, I felt I could not face the prospect with any enthusiasm of watching over a boy whose father I had quarrelled with, a boy whom I was not at all sure about. He interested me in a strange way, but that did not mean I was going to like him. I don't know why I relate all these details to you, Michael, because it is not my friendship with Guy that I want you to understand—that, all said and done, was too transitory, since we saw each other only at long intervals—but the bearing all this may have on Guy's problem, and Guy's feeling for Audrey, and—'

'May I interrupt you a moment? Why at that time did Margaret Clark pick on you? Why choose you to shield Guy Brendon?'

'Shield Guy Brendon? Oh, I think I understand you, yet I

am not going to answer that question just now. Margaret was a most remarkable woman.—I want you to image what a mournful ceremony of tea and polite conversation we rehearsed that afternoon. A day's rain had turned the leaves sodden and brown in the garden and now a rising gale was blowing grey wisps of cloud across the barren desert of the sky. More leaves were descending. Little gusts of angry wind down the chimney blew puffs of smoke out across the room.

' " More tea, dear ? " Miss Clark beckoned to me. " Now what about you, Guy ? You've only had one cup."

He declined.

' " You are vastly fastidious," I said, adopting the priggish and inconsiderate manner that one so often assumes when in the company of young people, " vastly fastidious for a man of action and since you mentioned something about going to sea, that is, I take it, what you wish to be."

' " No. That was mere fantasy on my part."

' " But you gave me to understand—I was almost sure—"

' " Very often, don't you think, the world of idle, irresponsible dreams is a more real world than that one pretends to live in ? "

' " Then it seems to me, Brendon, that you suffer from a most mischievous disease. You must make up your mind, you know. All this vagueness, this lack of any directing force won't get you anywhere, you see. Your aunt is doing her level best but you must do your bit, you must help." '

' He did not reply and I could see at that moment, as I see so clearly now, how pompously and ridiculously I was behaving. That is the only scrap of conversation which I can recall. I expect I made some offer to help him in a literary career should he decide to take it up. It is difficult, in view of what happened, to think oneself back into the circumstances of the hour, but I do retain the impression of someone, as it were, lost in the world, looking vainly for help, yet not knowing quite what he was searching for ; the fountain was bubbling forth now blood, now wine and seething beneath the surface were enthusiasms which I never divined. Above all I was disappointed . . . with myself, yet not only with myself . . .'

' I can corroborate what you say, Linton, since I met him once or twice when I was living at Cambridge. He was almost always in the company of a girl—no I won't call her a girl ; she was a most attractive and charming young woman. Unfortunately I found him reticent when I met them together, as if they resented my presence.'

' And at other times ? '

' Intriguing, almost mysterious. Always on the alert though, a collected, self-contained person.'

' You had no suspicion, I take it, that beneath the surface . . . ?'

' I was uneasy, yes, even afraid. Frequently that serenity betokens—dare I say it ?—a madness—'

' Yes, Michael, there you have it ! That serenity. . . it was his destruction.'

'My dear Linton, that is where we disagree. I think it was his salvation.'

'Wherein, pray, lies the difference? And that girl you met—oh, so different from Guy, no grave Italianate beauty but gay, restless, laughing—was his wife. No, I did not say *became* his wife, she was his wife at the time you met her. It was typical of Guy not to mention that directly; he seemed to prefer one to divine these things. He had married her not long after Margaret Clark's death when he was only twenty; they lived on in that house, with its French windows giving out on the little garden and the two great trees that overshadowed it. It was then that Guy wrote his best work. I am quite assured of that, he will never write a finer novel, nor more exquisite poems. There are only two people alive today who have seen these poems; one of them is I, the other . . .'

'You are most enigmatic, Linton, the way you wave your hand in the air. Maybe I shouldn't ask, but who was that other?'

'Let me continue for a moment. Audrey, I believe, was a year or two older than Guy. Both her parents had died quite suddenly within a few months of each other but a short time before and she was left more or less alone in the world with her brother, who was about ten years younger than herself. I imagine she was not without means and I understand she declined such offers of assistance in respect of herself and Douglas as came from her aunt, Mrs Foster. It is almost fantastic to think of this girl giving up her life—what are called by omniscient people "the best years"—to look after her brother. Of course Douglas was away at school a good part of the year, nevertheless her willingness to provide a congenial home for the boy betokened a vast quality of self-denial: hers was a tremendous spirituality.'

'You infer, then, that she did not consider Mrs Foster's home a suitable environment?'

'Harriet Foster, whom I already knew quite well, if not intimately, was a woman of the greatest taste and whatever is most significant in the word "esprit." I believe Audrey would have been forced to give way had not the problem solved itself with Guy Brendon's advent. It would be a trite thing to say that Audrey meant more to Guy than anything else, but that little everyday phrase contains more truth than any high-sounding epigram that I might compose. They were perfectly suited to each other and moreover came to an amicable, if curious, arrangement whereby Douglas continued to live with the married couple at St. John's Wood. I should like to point out at this stage that it was I who brought them together. Audrey, for all her vivacity, in spite of the intensely satirical view she took of life, was a woman of grave and even disposition. I realised above all that Guy, for all his enthusiasms, his occasional energetic bursts of hard work, knew not where he was wandering. He needed a guide to the temple wherein he could unburden his innermost self; no man could lead him along the

tortuous paths that so few have trespassed or even dared to pursue. Only a woman could show him the way.'

'I think you are being distressingly sentimental. This shyness, this reserve one noticed about Brendon, do you think it was so significant? I mean I cannot believe that even Audrey could break down that hard exterior—'

'There you do him an injustice, that outward resilience was like the petals of a flower that fold away and reveal the sweetness within; and you do her an injury, whose touch was so deft.'

'You know then . . . ?'

'I knew. Forgive the superciliousness, if you will, Michael, it comes of regret. I remember when all three of them came to stay with me at Rylands. It was early April and the islands that lie off the coast there, uninhabited, distant, seemed in the clear morning light to be within one's grasp; then they faded, only lingering a little in the late afternoon. We used to go for long walks along the sands and once or twice we bathed, or rather Guy and Douglas bathed. It was too cold for me and I hardly thought it prudent on their part. It was on one of these occasions, when the two of them were splashing about in the surf, that Audrey began to talk of Guy, which was a subject she had never discussed with me before. She talked openly and with enthusiasm about the richness of his personality, the delicate intimacies of their life together, her hope for his art, all this—and a hundred and one other things. Then she said:

'"I suppose you realise what he is taking from me. I mean, he draws all his energy from me . . . No, I can see you don't understand me; perhaps I should not have mentioned it. Without me I know he could not live, without me he would die like a plant without water. I say this because I want you to realise I am giving myself; oh no, I do not grudge it, but the fire of his mind as it has been revealed to me has burnt into my very soul."

'I understood: but in a moment we had passed on to other topics; we admired the fine sweep of the bay, she paid large tribute to Guy's friendship for Douglas and what the boy meant to them both, but all the while I was repeating to myself that she knew, she knew the tortuous paths that led to the temple of fire, she knew how they were choked with bracken and parched with dust, she saw the white, luminous dome shining through the trees, and I was happy in my despair. Thus when Audrey died but two summers after their marriage, that divinity which hedged him about was cast on the air with her ashes.

'You remember what you said, Michael, a little while ago about shielding Guy Brendon: if anyone wanted protection it was he, yet not in the way that Margaret Clark could ever have fancied. He must be shielded from himself. I am afraid I was really of little use during those wretched days towards the end of August; encouragement I could always offer, but here was a man desiring the passionate sympathy that no man could give—to Guy Brendon. I stayed a few

nights in his house, and Harriet Foster sent her housekeeper for a fortnight; she was always so eminently practical. I confess to you that though I had dealt with many similar situations in my imagination I was dismayed at my own ineptitude when faced with the unwholesome reality. It was more than unwholesome; it was fierce, unrelenting torture for both of us. Do not get the impression that Guy broke down, wept or writhed—perhaps it would have been better if he had, but he was simply impassive and cold and immeasurably sad. His eyes would search the room with an almost wicked yearning. But that phas , to which I was the unwilling assistant—and I believe Douglas, in his quiet unassuming way, was as of much comfort to him as I—happily, in a sense, was soon ended as Guy became once again his old self, unable to work except in fitful outbursts, of anger more often than of inspiration, restless, impenetrable, his other self imprisoned in the misty precincts of the sacred temple, unable to escape.

'Harriet Foster lived in a small but expensive flat not far from the Regent's Park. You could see from her window, as she never tired of pointing out, the gleaming terraces swathed in the cool green of the trees. I think I have said before that Harriet was a practical and intelligent woman; she considered she knew just how things should be done in much the same way as she knew whom to know. But I think that in Guy's case she made a little error of misjudgment—but then who can tell what instincts guided her, what dreams wrought her heart? She had been a widow nearly ten years . . .

'Out of nervousness she went too directly to the point. For once all subtlety was laid aside, all feeling neglected. Barely three weeks after Audrey's death she wrote to Guy asking that Douglas should come to live with her; no, more than that, she demanded the custody of the boy as her right. I forget what her pretext was—something about the unsuitability of Guy's domestic arrangements, although by this time I had engaged for him an excellent housekeeper; something also about the boy needing to be "looked after." Guy was quite taken aback. It had never occurred to him that his home was an uncongenial one, that the boy might be unhappy, that in short, any other arrangement could be considered. And when, on enquiry, he found that Douglas was in no particular ill at ease and did not want any change, he was quite at a loss what to do. For, you see—and this is what Harriet had failed to take into account—a definite affection had grown up between Douglas and Guy. Douglas looked on Guy as his father, relied on him for advice, was entirely dependent on his companionship. Guy, on his part, prided himself that he could be of some use to the boy, who seemed eager to learn; and was not Douglas his last link with Audrey, had not he, too, some right? His quandary was solved, however, by a second letter from Harriet, in which she repeated her demands with less civility and threatened recourse to the law.

'Guy grew bitter in his determination. He told me nothing

would induce him to give up Douglas. He considered he was perfectly competent to look after the boy's education and provide a good home for him. How could a boy of such sensibility be expected to live with that old harridan? All her culture and fine words were a veneer, a slime which sullied the brittle surface. Did she expect Douglas to share that poky, tatty, stuffy flat; it was immoral, sinful and degrading. When I visited him, often forgetful of the boy's presence, Guy would break out into a violent denunciation of Harriet. I do not know how much Douglas grasped of these rantings and ragings, but he would be copying out his poems at the writing table in the lamp-lit room or, sitting at the chair by the window, one hand thrust in the pocket of his rough brown suit, the other brushing the dark curly hair away from his forehead, be staring out into the darkness of the little walled garden, quite unmoved, appearing to be indifferent, but perhaps storing all this venom away in the secret recesses of his soul. These outbreaks of Guy's—they were so unlike him—used to distress me, particularly when they took place in front of Douglas, and, after a time, he became conscious of my embarrassment and would abruptly tell him to be off to bed. Douglas, never questioning, would close up his book and, with infinite grace and good manners, say goodnight to me and shake my hand, and smile at Guy with his faintly oriental eyes, the oval whites of which looked so lucent clear against his olive skin glowing in the firelight; but he never kissed or shook hands. His voice was as the evening bell. When he was gone Guy would confide to me his plans; plans for the far distant future, voyages . . . fears . . . desires . . . plans for the immediate task. He would take Douglas with him to France for the few weeks of the holidays that remained. He asked my advice and I ungrudgingly gave it. Guy, you know, at that time was writing, and, like the wild beast disturbed at his slaughter, was dangerous. Oh yes, Michael, I understand these things . . .

'Guy moved to a hotel on the coast preparatory to crossing the Channel and took Douglas with him. Somehow or other Harriet got wind of his departure and within two days I received a telegram saying that Harriet had caught up with him and was even staying in the same hotel. Would I join him? I knew I must go since I suspected he might not be responsible for his actions, so, at great personal inconvenience, I cancelled all my engagements, and drove down to Folkestone. On arrival Guy described to me a situation which appeared to me quite ridiculous. They had glowered at each other in the dining room, cut each other on the Leas, trailed each other along the corridors, but had never exchanged a "good-morning" or any comment on the weather. Guy had been too upset to do anything. He dismissed her as a wicked, scheming woman, who would go to any length to entice Douglas away; true she had made no move yet, had taken no sweets out of her bag as a decoy—but Guy was beyond reason.

'I realised at once that Guy was desperate and, though I saw no

sign of such recklessness on Harriet's side and failed to discover her in hourly conference with the police, I thought it would only be fair, because you must remember I was not a disinterested party, it would be only proper to arrange some amicable solution if that were at all possible. I accordingly arranged an interview.

'We met, after dinner, in a secluded corner of the lounge, by one of the large windows whose red canopy of curtain veils the sea from the curious eye. It was a hot night and the windows were thrown open; sea and green lawn were imperceptibly mingling, the sea infinitely distant and grey, and the sound of it melancholy. As if a little remote from the rest of the scene a shelter stood at one side in fading silhouette between grass and sky. But within was a blaze of light.

'Douglas was dismissed to his room and immediately Harriet's manner became less harassed and warmer, while Guy almost as noticeably stiffened and looked ill at ease. After an introductory remark or two and a sip of coffee we were ready.

'"I do not think you realise," Harriet began, "the significance of the high moral tone you have adopted."

'"I am resolved to defend it," replied Guy.

'"So you consider it defensible? I am not concerned with what society may say about me; I am too old to care about that and, mark you, past marrying again—"

'"Then, you admit it?"

'"Did I ever deny it?"

'"Your conduct in the past . . ."

'"But are we talking of the past? Surely, Guy, we are not imposing the past on Douglas, unless that is, in truth, your design."

'"But supposing," Guy puffed gently at his cigar, "supposing that in about three years you were to regret your former determination, then you could offer no guarantee, is that not so?"

'"And your security?"

'"The past . . . my reputation."

'"As author? Oh, no; we will not be restrained by ideals. Besides you forget that in five years Douglas will be able to choose for himself."

'"After you have moulded him to your whim in his most impressionable years? You do not care then, Harriet, for ideals?"

'"I do not trust them."

'"And I cannot wait five years."

'I thought here that the meeting must end, but it only proved to be the first brush of a long engagement. As the evening progressed so Harriet grew more vivacious, more witty, more obtuse—and I admired her for it, though a doubt crept into my mind as to whether she could really be in earnest. Yet she did not give ground. She sat there, in all that ostentatious glitter of glass candelabra and the irresistible comfort of well-intentioned vulgarity that the hotel provided, she imposed herself on the occasion, brilliant without too

much emotion, beautiful, but never pretentious. Her spell, my dear Michael, had entwined me as a spider's web the unsuspecting fly.

'Opposite me sat Guy. He had grown pale, his lips were drawn tight in the puritanic righteousness of his cause; gone was the repose and gone, though the casual observer might not remark on it, the impassivity, for I perceived that beneath the mask glowed the white fire of anger. The taste of the midnight air was bitter and dank on his lips, and the temple, the delicate pavilion that was his creation, was now more than ever remote and elusive. The fingers of his guide were loosening gently away from his grasp; in a few moments he would be alone and he knew that without his guide the once warm and living temple would be inaccessible and grow cold and die.

'"I shall never forgive you for this, Harriet."

'"Then you withdraw?" . .

'He did not answer and she took up the thread again:

'"You mean you will never forgive yourself. Don't you perceive that you have blinded yourself to your own immorality?"

'Guy looked incredulously at her.

'"My own immorality?"

'"I see you are deeply shocked. It obviously had not occurred to you. Your protection of Douglas, your love for him . . ."

'"There can be nothing impure in my love."

'"But you concede the use of the word love?"

'"Why not?"

'"Yet you will not allow my affection to be called such?"

'"Who is to gauge the purity of love?"

'"Ah yes, who indeed? Neither of us, I would submit."

'She paused here and turned to the window. She saw she had only grazed him and that the wound did not yet bleed.

'"You seem to have no respect for Douglas," she resumed, still looking away from him, "Do you seriously believe that his life could remain unblemished by that relationship, could you bear to hear, say in two years' time, the recrimination of a ruined youth—?"

'"Your words carry you away. He is not afraid—"

'"But it is you, you I mean," and in her excitement she raised her voice sufficiently for an old gentleman, at the furthest end of the vast, lugubrious room, to glance over his shoulder almost contemptuously. "You are afraid. The canker is already entering into your heart. You are using Douglas as a protection against yourself. You must understand me. You are shielding yourself from him. What will become of you, how will you feel, when the arras is withdrawn to reveal you—the utterly pitiful?"

'Harriet had scored there. The dart had pinioned its target mercilessly and he was cast down. At last Guy Brendon had caught the gleam of disdain in her eye and had sensed, at first cautiously, the turgid depths of his own immorality. A day later he passed over to France—alone and broken.'

SELECTED NOTICES

Music and Society. By Wilfrid Mellers. (Dennis Dobson, 8s. 6d.).

The evolution of music is the evolution of civilisation, and Wilfrid Mellers sets out to trace the evolution of the English musical idiom from the Middle Ages to the present day, and to relate it to the social and philosophical background from which it derived. His book, in fact, might be called a Musical History of England—which is a very different thing from a History of English Music.

We are warned that it is not a technical treatise intended for specialists, but it assumes a more considerable knowledge of musical technicalities than the general reader—even if he is an amateur of music—is likely to possess, and a familiarity with a great volume of music to which even the professional musician is unlikely to have regular access. The general reader, however—and this review does not pretend to assess the purely musical competence of the book—will be grateful for a lucid and penetrating study of more than one aspect of English culture; for there is nothing narrow or academic about Mr Mellers' treatment of his theme.

In the Middle Ages our musical culture was inseparable from the culture of Europe as a whole. There was no artificial distinction between serious and commercial music; music was functional, and religious art-music and popular folk-music were complementary. The ease with which English folk-song mingled with the European tradition of the Troubadours and with the universality of the plain-chant, speaks for the homogeneity of mediæval civilisation. The vocal monody was a religious manifestation of the mediæval world-view, the Catholic ideal of spiritual world-unity. Credo in unum Deum .... The change from monody to polyphony (thirteenth to fifteenth century) represents a gradual change in belief. The embellishment of the single monophonic line, the balance between melodic and harmonic thought, marks the shift from a theocratic towards a humanist attitude. With a ripening of the personal and social consciousness—for with the end of the Middle Ages England was emerging as the leader of European culture—polyphony entailed man's relations to his fellows as well as his relation to God.

The Christian Renaissance was a modification of mediæval attitudes, and sixteenth-century music evolves naturally from mediæval polyphony. Once Byrd (1543–1623) had absorbed the element of the Dance into a vocal technique, infinitely subtle rhythmical development was possible, strikingly paralleled by the verse of Shakespeare, verse which could only be the work of a man who was sensitive to music; indeed, as E. M. W. Tillyard has shown, one of the most persistent symbols of the Elizabethan world-pattern was the symbol of the Dance. So far from sixteenth-century music being 'all alike', Mr Mellers recognises the period as fundamentally the most musical in Europe's history—a precarious moment of brilliant achievement before the long descent into the pit as far as England was concerned.

What happened in the seventeenth century is not easy to describe. From different angles, one fastens on the souring of the Christian humanist tradition under the Puritan strain; the closing of the theatres in 1642; the failure of the second Stuart court; the early death of Purcell, the one man great enough to have founded a new tradition. The causes of the final collapse are ultimately social rather than musical. Until the time of Purcell, we are aware of the most intimate connection between music and language and life, whether in the religious manifestation of vocal monody, or in the communal activity of vocal polyphony. The Elizabethan poetic drama was so directly a manifestation of contemporary life, and music was still performing its social and religious function, with the result that the artists at the beginning of the seventeenth century were not driven to work out the more self-conscious stylisation of music

and language in the form of a national opera. The phenomenon of chromaticism (which typifies the transitional phases of a civilisation) was breaking up the long vocal line and concentrating attention on the poignant crises of harmonic drama. Opera—in itself a rhetorical art-form and thus typical of the humanist age with its emphasis on the individual—is a transition between the old vocal polyphony and the diatonic harmonic structures deriving from the Dance. The failure to bring to its full flowering this rhetorical phase (and by the time that we had developed the appropriate attitude, we had lost the essential spiritual vitality) meant that English music cut adrift from the main European tradition and took no part in the dramatic phase, when the conflict of the human personality was expressed in self-contained instrumental forms; the 'personal-dramatic' sonata in particular, which began as a social formula, became increasingly personal until its culmination in Beethoven, whose music is the epitome of violent personal conflict.

There is no English music for two hundred years after the death of Purcell because there was no tradition to follow. The rhetorical period petered out; music as a creative activity, whether religious or domestic, disappeared; no small aristocratic social order or attitude emerged. The rift appears between composer and people; instead of being an activity, music becomes an entertainment; the virtuoso and the Public Concert arrive, and the way is open to a passive and inevitably frivolous musical culture. The English composer floundered in the wake of Handel, and later of Mendelssohn. The strange disease of modern life engendered of the Industrial Revolution was ignored, just as it was ignored by the majority of the Victorian poets; Art for Art's sake . . . which meant art as a substitute for life rather than an interpretation of it, with the abysmal level of 'a universal culture fit for all.'

The task of the English musical renaissance of the present century has been to catch up, in a little more than a generation, on two hundred years of musical evolution; to rebuild the English tradition and to relate it once again to the European tradition from which England broke away late in the seventeenth century. Elgar and Delius were an end, not a beginning; each in his own way, by sheer force of genius, the last twilight of a symphonic tradition that had never happened, as Mr Mellers puts it. Holst and Vaughan Williams saw the problem and had the vitality and integrity to attempt its solution. Holst, while unable to achieve the intimate relation between music, language and life which had disappeared after the death of Purcell, realised the significance of the unaccompanied line which he strove to remould in the distinctive English idiom. Vaughan Williams linked folk-song with his re-discovery of Tudor music, and attempted to build on these foundations instead of on the nineteenth-century Germanic tradition. Only gradually did he achieve an unself-conscious relation to the Tudor conventions, which a younger generation has already accepted as its birthright. Ultimately he has welded the Tudor tradition with a contemporary idiom: *Job* and the Fifth symphony fuse England's past with the present, and, without reference to the alien convention which Elgar accepted, the Fifth symphony bridges the long gap in which the English symphony should have developed. And this maturity is not merely a technical, but a moral triumph, the achievement of a profound religious conviction. The solution of the technical problems of the re-birth of an English musical tradition is complementary to the attainment of religious assurance.

Today, Mr Mellers asserts, Rubbra, Tippett and Britten hold the key to the future of our musical culture. Rubbra, with his natural affinity with the Tudors, has attempted to create a symphonic tradition reconcilable with the polyphonic music of 1600; Tippett's approach is less lyrical and essentially dramatic; Britten is the belated consummation of the seventeenth-century rhetorical period, when the English composers failed to establish contact between continental development and the native idiom.

But the future of English musical culture does not merely depend upon contemporary composers; it is the vital concern of the large 'musical' public. That public neglects serious contemporary music because it is ignorant of the English musical tradition. The abiding misconception of English musical

inferiority, based on the popular preference for the classics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, must finally be dispelled. The British Council could do something by sponsoring further recordings of English music of the best period ; the Third Programme is already doing valuable work by performances of works by the great English composers. Hitherto, Tudor polyphony and the instrumental work of the seventeenth century composers has simply not been available for the ordinary concert-goer, and yet a knowledge of it is quite essential to a living culture in an age without standards, if that culture is to be organic, and not merely eclectic.

Such in barest outline is the argument of Mr Mellers' book. Its importance and interest are obvious ; for art is the incarnation of a people's soul. One is reminded of Frank Lloyd Wright's words : ' We cannot have an organic architecture unless we achieve an organic society.' At this point the conclusion of the book is not entirely satisfactory : the account of the English Renaissance is too purely musical, and the sociological background of the present century is not made clear—not unless one turns back to re-read the introductory chapter in which the contemporary scene is analysed.

That is a fault of construction ; a more serious criticism is the difficulty for the general reader of the argument in musical terms, and the frequent detailed description of quite inaccessible works without even the assistance of musical illustration for what that is worth. It would surely have been possible to simplify the musical argument without falsifying it, and at the same time to have maintained the musical and historical balance. Yet it is a book which cannot fail to stimulate the thoughtful reader to a deeper understanding of the greatness of the English musical tradition.

Blake. By W. P. Witcutt. (Hollis & Carter, 8s. 6d.).

Notwithstanding the fact that Samuel Palmer described him as ' a man without a mask', successive generations of students of Blake have found much of his poetry almost incomprehensible. At the time that Alexander Gilchrist turned the eye of a professional biographer upon the poet he was still comparatively unknown, and Gilchrist little realized that he was unwittingly becoming, as Ruthven Todd puts it, ' the source of a stream as broad as the Amazon, and as many tributaried.'* The attitude of Blake's contemporaries to his work is illuminating. Throughout Gilchrist's *Life* the emphasis is laid not on Blake the poet but on Blake the engraver, and despite a profound respect for his ' visions ' and a conviction that he was not mad, but only displayed the eccentricities of genius, there is little regard for, and no understanding of, the splendid, if baffling, poetry of the ' prophetic books,' which has come in for so much attention and analysis in more recent years. Writing of *America*, Gilchrist says : ' It is verse hard to fathom, with far too little nature behind it, or backbone ; a redundance of mere invention—the fault of all this class of Blake's writing—too much wild tossing about of ideas and words.' With the passing of the years, this ' redundance of mere invention ' has called forth more discussion and comment than Gilchrist would ever have imagined it could provoke.

' Blake will INEVITABLY come into his own, *when the world is ready for him*,' wrote Max Plowman in a letter to his wife,† but it is the view of Professor Denis Saurat, whose stimulating book, *Blake and Modern Thought*, has contributed much to an appreciation of the sources of Blake's mysticism, that this will not happen until those who love Blake learn to understand him also—a process which it may take several generations to complete. Fr. W. P. Witcutt's book would seem to refute this theory, for if we can accept his thesis, we have the key to the whole problem in our hands.

Blake, A Psychological Study, is based on the teaching of Jung, and as such it provides a thorough-going psychological interpretation of the ' prophetic

* Introductory Note to Everyman edition of *The Life of William Blake.*
† *Bridge into the Future*, the Letters of Max Plowman. (London, 1944).

books'. Put briefly, Jung's teaching is that the imagination is identical with the sub-conscious or unconscious mind, and that this mind is a territory which can be mapped. The language of the unconscious mind is the symbol and these symbolic representations are relatively constant, that is to say, they are more or less the same for all men; but whereas in the case of the average man they appear only in dreams, for a mystic or visionary, such as Blake was, they exist in waking-life. The collectivity of these images Jung calls the ' collective unconscious', and the images themselves the archetypes or the primordial images: these archetypes are closely related to the figures of mythology, which explains the richness of the myths in the work of a poet such as Blake. According to Fr. Witcutt, Blake's poetry provides us with an outline map of the unconscious mind, although his accounts of his experiences are often confusing, as a result of his never having received a classical education, which would have enabled him to associate his images with the conventional and accepted symbols and names of classical mythology.

In his *Psychological Types*, Jung makes a distinction between two classes of mankind, the extraverted and the introverted. ' When we reflect upon human history, we see how the destinies of one individual are conditioned more by the objects of his interests, while in another they are conditioned more by his inner self, by his subject. Since, therefore, we all swerve rather more towards one side than the other, we are naturally disposed to understand everything in the sense of our own type'. The psyche is further divided into four basic functions —thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition. If one of these functions habitually prevails, a corresponding type results, and everyone of these types can be either introverted or extraverted, according to his relation to the object. Fr. Witcutt classifies Blake as an ' intuitive introvert', in the same way as he classifies Keats as a ' sensation extravert', the complete antithesis of Blake. ' To the intuitive introvert the world of the imagination is far more vivid than the world of outer reality . . . the symbols of the unconscious are of the very stuff of poetry, and accordingly an intuitive introvert is almost predestined to be a poet.' As Blake himself said : ' I assert for My Self that I do not behold the outward Creation and that to me it is hindrance and not Action.'* He was, furthermore, Fr. Witcutt maintains, aware of the fourfold nature of man, just as many modern writers are aware of it. In *Vala* he says :

> ' Four Mighty Ones are in every Man ; a perfect Unity
> Cannot exist but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden '

and in *Jerusalem*

> ' And every man stood Fourfold ; each Four Faces had.'

In the case of Blake, these four functions are designated by the names of Urthona or Los (intuition), Luvah or Orc (feeling), Urizen (thought) and Tharmas (sensation). Albion represents the Self, the Ego, and the ' Emanations ' are the equivalent of the Jungian ' Animas ', the ' Woman in man '. The Spectres, which in Blake are nameless, are the darker, hidden sides of the personality. In the opinion of Fr. Witcutt, Blake's three most important poems are *Vala*, *Milton* and *Jerusalem*, all of which describe the same happenings in Blake's own pysche. Although Blake would never have admitted it, the theme of his epics is the disintegration of the soul caused by sin—a psychic overthrow which Freud would call a trauma, and a Catholic theologian the first mortal sin. What this sin was in the case of Blake, Fr. Witcutt does not know : he only suggests that it was probably ' some fleshly adolescent exuberance.'

If we find ourselves able to accept Jung's psychology, and Fr. Witcutt's adaptation of it, much light is indeed thrown upon the difficult ' prophetic books', but the amount of credence we can give to Fr. Witcutt depends on how much validity we find in Jung. The question with which we are ultimately faced is whether we can accept such a seemingly watertight interpretation : whether it is not perhaps true, as Professor Saurat says, that ' Blake suffers very greatly from an excess of interpretation ' : whether after all there are not external events to be taken into consideration, as Dr. Bronowski found,† or

* *The Vision of the Last Judgement.*
† *A Man Without a Mask.* (London, 1944)

whether we may not feel that too often we search for an explanation where none is needed : as Eliot says, ' the chief use of the " meaning " of a poem . . . may be . . . to satisfy one habit of the reader, to keep his mind diverted and quiet, while the poem does its work upon him',* and not to provide us with a permanent basis for appreciation. Whatever the ultimate answer, we cannot but be grateful to Fr. Witcutt for a highly stimulating study, written with remarkable lucidity and economy of expression.

Samuel Palmer. By Geoffrey Grigson. (Routledge, £2 2s.).

As an editor Geoffrey Grigson has declared that ' good writers are aloof from scholarship, good scholars aloof from good writing, or else opposed to it' (*The Mint*) ; as an anthologist he has written ' I can isolate, and enjoy in itself, a phrase like " yellow-pointed pears " out of Landor ' (*The Poet's Eye*) ; and as a poet he has already spoken of

' Palmer who wildly flew
And soared, and reached the doors of bliss '

(*The Isles of Scilly*). Remembering these statements, much was to be expected when it was announced that his study of Samuel Palmer was due to be published. Now that it has appeared, it can be recorded that achievement has gone as high as critical anticipation. The use, too, of the word ' study', and not ' Life', as might be expected here, is intentional. It describes what from the start was intended to be a limitation set upon this work by the writer himself. Moreover, in this respect, his book bears comparison to that of an extremely able American critic, F. O. Matthiesen. The latter in his approach to Henry James brackets his author's name with the saving clause, ' The Major Phase'. Mr Grigson, on the other hand, chooses for his sub-title, ' The Visionary Years'. Neither study is a complete biography in the full sense of the word, but in so far as an artist's visionary years constitute his major phase, both books are, to this degree, exhaustive.

The present study does not go much beyond Palmer's thirtieth year. In justification of such a span Mr Grigson cites with approval F. G. Stephen's use of ' Keatsian ' for his early pictures, and ' Tennysonian ' for his later water-colours, although he does not go on fully to examine the decline of his talent in detail. Admittedly he throws out hints : perhaps it was due to his marriage with Linnell's daughter, perhaps he was born just before the generation of Keats, Delacroix and Danby to which he rightly belonged, perhaps he was really too old for his contemporaries who should have been Tennyson, Maddox Brown and Gautier. Yet whatever the answer to these suggestions, it is as a visionary that he stands out ; as ' a pure quaint, crinkle-crankle Goth'. In analysing that self-description, the key to Palmer's paintings, in as much as they were the reflection of himself, may be found.

Looked at from another angle, behind that self-assertion there is more than meets the eye—there is the vision which catches the eye, holds the attention of the ear and asks contemplation of the mind. ' . . . Yea I will surrender to be shut up among the dead, or in the prison of the deep, so that I may sometimes bound upwards ; pierce the clouds ; and look over the doors of bliss'. Again, the distinct choice of ' crinkle-crankle ' as an adjective marks a man who is exceptionally clear-sighted, for it is a word coined which conveys sight as well as sound. Again, apart from both these two qualities, there is in the whole phrase a certain gentle self-mocking wit. As Linnell noted : ' S.P.'s character had a humorous side—a salient and pronounced feature. If this is omitted, and taken out or suppressed, in any account of his life and character we have *not the true man.*' Mr Grigson carefully avoids the trap : he backs up his judgments in full and leaves uncensored his many amusing and revelatory passages. For example : ' You will perhaps also . . . . most adoringly, vehemently and kissingly present my quaint but true knightly devotion to the young

* *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism.* (London, 1933).

ladies One and All, collectively ador'd and individually belov'd—telling them, imploring them sometimes to think on me (for is it not an honour for fair ladies to think on me, tho'd it be only to set their pretty mouths a-giggle at the remembrance of my spectacles ?) ' and later, in the same letter, comes : ' those said unlucky goggles are so scratch'd and spoil'd that all the fire of the love darting artillery of my eyes is lost upon *them* . . .' This concern for seeing manifests itself in another context in some more of his correspondence with George Richmond. ' Who is there that looks with a true eye on prospective opportunity? To us who are young it is lengthen'd like the tube of a perspective when you look into the wrong end of it ; to the old, no longer prospective, it is the brevity of a dream.' This observation of a visionary compares interestingly with a similar analogy used by a contemporary reporter, Arthur Koestler. Koestler has imagined a spectroscope in which at one end of the spectrum—the infra-red end—is the commissar and, at the other end, where the waves become so short and high-frequent that the eye no longer sees them, colourless, warmthless but all-penetrating, crouches the yogi. In each case, both men have an especial understanding of the particular problems of their ages, but whereas one is merely reporting the changing scene, the other is observing all in the light of a kingdom which does not change. It is the difference between the mystic and journalist : the infinite and indefinite : life and death.

Blake talked of much that was common both to himself and Palmer : of the pictures of Dürer, Michelangelo, Raphael, Guilo Romano, Caravaggio ; of Fra Angelico and the ' early Christian art', and of Fuseli's imagination ; of Ovid, Milton and of the Bible, and it is, no doubt, recalling these conversations that caused Palmer to note of his friend : ' He was fond of the works of St. Theresa, and often quoted them with other writers of the interior life.' A comment from Mr Grigson clearly elucidates, when he points out ' it suggests that he added to his own visionary experience a knowledge of the greater visionaries—St. Teresa in her autobiography, and almost certainly Jakob Boehme, a favourite of Blake's. Later he also asserts ' having known Blake, his mysticism never ended at Milton.' Assuredly Palmer must have been greatly amused at St. Teresa's invocations against ' naughty people ', by which she meant fleas and such like,* for it is a common mistake, which this study rectifies, to believe that saints, mystics and visionaries are devoid of humour : usually it is exactly the opposite. This point is particularly brought home when, looking at Palmer's painting, *The Repose of the Holy Family*, one recalls at the same time his phrase, ' a pure quaint crinkle-crankle Goth '.

The Repose of the Holy Family is now known as *The Rest in the Flight to Egypt* and expresses poignantly the text : ' the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' Another picture, *In a Shoreham Garden*, shows his mastery of a different subject, yet painted in a similar style. There, beside a path fringed with leaves, an apple tree trunk stands, its higher branches covered with pink and white blossom. Along the path walks a lady. Her manner is distinctly mediæval and, one suspects, that is what the painter meant when he called himself a Goth. Both pictures (the first being painted sometime between 1824 and 1825 : the second about 1829) he has imbued with the mystery of God. For Rossetti, Mr Grigson submits, it was only the mystery. Later still for Sir William Blake Richmond it was only ' smooth elongated prettiness from which all mystery had been squashed and squeezed.' Yet when, logically enough from this state of mind, it followed that Whistler, Degas and Sickert pursued naturalism, Sir William was shocked. But now after such a spate of naturalism it seems it is beginning to die away : instead signs of a greater ripeness are appearing—witness the recent works of Mathew Smith, John Piper, Graham Sutherland and Henry Moore. True there is not in their canvases quite the same richness of feeling Palmer gave to his, but that is because the mystery has been transmitted to the onlooker at a lower level ; their canvases are lacking in his final touch of

* It is good to see Professor E. Allison Peers has translated unashamedly such delightful comments as these in his edition of *The Complete Works of Saint Teresa.* (London, 1946).

' aereal subtlety.' There is in them, for example, none of the magic as in *Full Moon* where the stubble land glistens while the shepherd, solitary and undaunted looks into another world in which ' the pastures are clothed with flocks : the valleys . . . covered with corn ' and in which ' they shout for joy, they also sing.' But then Palmer was a visionary, and although his powers as such dwindled towards the end of his life, in his active days his visions thoroughly percolated his work. Mr Grigson hardly touches upon why his powers waned. As in the foregoing remarks about Rossetti and Sir William Blake Richmond, he only gives a few tentative suggestions.

By ending his study in such a tantalising way, one hopes it is done so only because he intends to resolve these problems at a later date.

Death of the Cathedral. By Fred Marnau. (Grey Walls Press, 8s. 6d.).

It is easier to appreciate the poetry of Fred Marnau than it is to write intelligently about it. That is not because of any great structural complexity, baffling ellipses, or the sprinkling of the text with private or esoteric references. It is rather that there is about this work a deceptive and subtle simplicity. This is certainly so as far as Ernst Sigler's English translations (printed here beside the German) are concerned ; and to one whose knowledge of that tongue is of the scantiest, it appears to be equally true of the originals themselves. What is elusive about them is not the interpretation of the individual images but the definition of the plane of experience upon which the poet's imagination is, at any given moment, moving. For that plane is constantly changing. For example, in the sequence that gave his earlier book its name, *The Wounds of the Apostles*, we can seldom be certain when the emphasis is mainly on the sufferings of one or other of the apostles as a symbol or when, in allegorical guise, it is transferred to some modern counterpart of them, suffering in the same way for the cause of truth ; often, in fact, the two are fused in a single concept, as in the picture of the common man through the ages, neither great saint nor great sinner, crying in anguish to his Master :

> ' We ten, for Peter dreams
> and Judas died, we stand and throw open our arms.
> We poor pennies no-one bothered to count, without gold,
> changed by no era : Lord, we lack in everything.' [*Peter.*]

And there is another difficulty : often such poems are trying to apprehend the strictly inexpressible. His first collection, as a whole, might be said to be attempting to express at once the suffering of man and the grief of God :

> ' My song becomes an aching, brooding symbol,'

wrote the poet in the requiem for Helge—a line that is not only the key to that poem and to, perhaps, the greater part of the book in which it occurs, but, in its general imprecision, its fluidity of reference, indicative of the type of imaginative conception informing the present volume.

For Mr Marnau, without being an ' Apocalyptic ', or, indeed, being identifiable with any English ' school ', has clear affinities with that new subjective Romanticism which is the most inportant single influence at work in contemporary verse, and which is being adopted and adapted by poets of the most widely divergent temperaments and technique. For him memory and myth, desire and aspiration blend and are suffused with that deep religious, even mystical sense and with that dreaming introspection which we think of as characteristic of the best type of Central European mind.

Over nearly all his verse hang those ' aching, brooding ' symbols of which he speaks ; a nostalgia for what Wordsworth so called ' Things silently gone out of mind and things violently destroyed.' And in this new volume, dedicated ' to those whom I am proud to have admired before they were killed and whom now I can never fail to love ', it is the sense of the latter that predominates. Of this the title poem, marred though the English translation is by erratic word

order and punctuation in the second half, is one of the most significant:

> What has come to us in stone
> now kneels with battered
> towers, . . .
> and the sad windmill-arms of God
> extinguish the light . . .'

But though the outward symbols of man's creation perish (*cf.* that poem and ' Soria Moria ') or the visionary's dreams are shattered and betrayed (' The Enthusiasts '), the poet is still ' the maker ' and proudly identifies himself in the opening poem with Daidalos:

> With my voice
> I have lifted
> the gates of Europe
> out of their hinges.
> With my heart
> I have broken
> the windows
> and I salute
> the wind ;'

and towards the book's end (' Watchfire in Spring '), claims that, even when dead,

> ' I have
> Undine, brought my heart to the height once more.
> listened into the night and sung in thanks
> for these my good years, watchfire in spring.'

It is noteworthy, in fact, that many of these poems are written, as it were, from the hither side of death, and it is not perhaps too fanciful to see here the picture of the poet who has won his immortality, ' usurped this height', in Keats's phrase, because he was one of those

> . . . to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest ' ;

whose joy, even, is born of participation in the world's agony. Again we are reminded of the Dedication, and of lines like:

> ' We pay the price with the lives of others,
> but only by giving our own is it paid,'

from ' All Soldiers' Day.' The links with Keats are hardly fortuitous. In a world where the lights of culture and freedom have for thirty years been going out one by one, and the sense of values become shifting and uncertain, Marnau, in common with many another of the Personalist poets, feels that, like Keats, he can trust only two things : ' The holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of the imagination '—and the truths his imagination seizes are often sombre and chill. He comes, he tells us,

> ' from the city
> where everyone of my age has already walked through hell
> before he died,'
> [' As the Damned Ones in Eternity ']

and our quickening spirituality he envisages as wracked and destroyed by the flesh:

> ' Sorrow and joy are the soul's
> lovely limbs and bones
> and, too, that part which dies
> . . . by the limbs'
> ghostly dance beaten to pieces. '
> [' December Ode ']

Yet not all is darkness ; or rather, in the night, strange scents of another world drift through :

> was it the body in terror or
> was it the soul's compassion : who was it, who
> has put out the light and brought the scent
> of linden trees into our hearts to stun us, so
> that none shall of the other's walk and passing know ? '
> [' Under the Linden Tree ']

and from Mary, in the sixth of the Seven Odes, he draws his ultimate consolation :

> ' that God regards us other than we know,
> and that perhaps I too am flooded with light
> and shine, the while I am chilled
> by death and condemned and confused.'

Perhaps better than any attempt at analysis or definition, extracts like these will give some understanding of the dark richness and the brooding sadness of Fred Marnau which this book enshrines.

Hiroshima. By G. Wilson Knight. (Dakers, 6s.).

The time has certainly come for some clear and simple thinking about the war-issue. The advent of the atomic bomb, as even quite violent non-pacifists agree, precipitated us into an era where war in the pre-bomb sense, has become obsolete.* It is, of course, strange that the use of the atomic bomb shocked into an awareness of the enormity of war, hundreds of thousands of people who for years had listened to, and read of, an ever-mounting gruesome tale of the destruction of human life in mass-bombing. In eight heavy raids on Hamburg in 1943, for example, about 58,000 were killed, which was roughly half the number destroyed by one atomic bomb on Hiroshima—yet the terror of Hamburg, where the raids were spread over weeks and months, must have been far greater, so, humanly speaking (if it is possible to speak ' humanly ' of such monstrous doings), there is little to choose between the methods of destruction, though it is now known that the after-effects from an atomic bomb on those who are not killed outright are infinitely more terrible than anything that can be caused by an ordinary bomb of any sort. The radio-activity produces unimaginable horrors. These are facts which anyone who is interested can easily verify. It would be so much simpler to agree that war must disappear entirely from the earth—as pacifists have always insisted it must—than to go on discussing plans for control of the atomic bomb, and arguing about the relative claims of the various Powers. Incidentally, the atomic bomb reduces war to a peculiarly macabre absurdity. What precisely would the victors be left with when their bombs had reduced the enemy nation or nations to radio-active dust ? Quite literally, the result of such a victory would be dust and ashes, and of a singularly perilous sort.

In his new book, called briefly *Hiroshima*, Professor G. Wilson Knight, as in the two previous books of the ' trilogy on literature and the nation,' again appeals for a recognition of the sovereign powers of the imagination, and a full acceptance of the wisdom of the poets, and not only of the poets, but of great literature as a whole, for he reminds us that ' for centuries our greatest writers have warned us of what was coming ' (he does not mention, by the way, that Blake called science ' the Tree of Death '). But in addition to this strong appeal, supported by many references to, and quotations from, the greatest English poets and writers, he has written an interesting and profound essay on ' The Sun-Bomb', which, he says, is ' not to be considered a piece of mechanism ; its

* In a letter to *The Times* (August 14th, 1945) Sir William Beveridge wrote that : ' the atomic bomb has almost certainly relegated all other weapons of modern war—tanks, battleships, guns, rifles and trained conscript masses—to the museum, to which they have relegated the long-bows of Agincourt and the sabres of Balaclava.'

atom-splitting radio-activity is a small-scale replica of the great Sun's power and heat', and' since this atomic energy is locked within all matter on earth, we are dabbling in the living blood-fluid of the Earth-body.' 'We might now learn', he goes on,' a new reverence for these cosmic powers.' We might indeed, since it is man's prideful lack of reverence, his overweening pride in his own achievements, which is now threatening the human race with extinction. All down the ages, in all religions, pride has been the fatal sin,' Let us beware how, and for what end, we interfere.' But surely, in learning reverence for the cosmic powers, we must also learn reverence for life (life, the raw material of every poet's art). Science is powerless to create life ; it is significant that it has only learned how to destroy it, and on an ever-increasingly vast scale. Reverence for life would obviously mean the end of wars. The first and last thing to remember —quite a simple fact to remember, one would have thought—is that war destroys human life, and none of the thousands of millions of words expended in its justification can alter this one plain, simple fact. When we talk of war, we are talking of death. When we marvel at the miracles of science which eventually produced the atomic bomb, it would be healthier for the future of the human race if we thought instead of the hundreds of thousands of lives it exterminated in one blinding' noiseless flash.' The time for abstract intellectual thought is over ; if we are to be saved we must deal in simple human values.

It is not always easy to follow Professor Knight's reasoning. How profoundly right he is when he stresses the innate good in those very powers which in world-affairs prove so destructive (a' strong sense of purpose, visualisation of a world-order, devotion to something greater than themselves, courage, virility'), and the necessity for discovering how to use these powers creatively instead ; how startlingly wise when he speaks of poetry as' itself radio-active, with its own stores of atomic energy ' and quotes so aptly' the famous Shelleyan phrase " Burning atoms of inextinguishable thought," ' what poetry and truth there is in the phrase' Man is indeed a troubled creature ; but there is a golden star lodged in him none the less.' But profound agreement changes to profound misgivings when we come to the statement ' Nor is this essay a plea against the use of bomb-power for world control', and the reference, in speaking of Shakespeare's final statement on the nation's destiny (Cranmer's prophecy in *Henry VIII*) to' the necessary use of fear.' Fear cannot be' necessary', being devil-begotten, and any peace maintained through fear is a spurious and hence inevitably uneasy peace, because nourished on evil. The issue is plain. Either the use of the atomic bomb (' bomb-control '—for any future bomb will surely be atomic) is right, or it is wrong. There is a terrible danger in any philosophy of the relative. It would seem from Professor Knight's book that, after all, justly used—which of course means by the proper Powers, in order to establish at last a Federation of the World—it can be right. Unfortunately, other Powers consider themselves equally justified in using any means to establish on earth their own ideal order. Professor Knight speaks of' the fallacy of pacifism ' (' So we shall not reject the use of power : that is the fallacy of pacifism '), but this indeed is the fallacy of war, and until nations realise that, as Reinhold Niebuhr in his latest book, *Discerning the Signs of the Times*, most wisely points out,' no individual or nation, even the most righteous ' (and most, as he says, are not righteous but self-righteous)' is good enough to fulfil God's purposes in history '—in other words, until they have learned humility, there can be no lasting peace. And obviously they must learn, too, that the Fatherhood of God presupposes the brotherhood of man, and therefore war is fratricide. Aldous Huxley, in *The Perennial Philosophy*, notes that ' Every violence is, over and above everything else, a sacrilegious rebellion against the divine order.' Moreover, John of Ruysbroeck reminds us that' The image of God is found essentially and personally in all mankind . . . In this way we are all one, intimately related in our eternal image, which is the image of God and the source in us of all life.' This is the essence of true ' pacifism'.

In the last resort, there is no way of evading these crucial issues. Only an uncompromising, searching and comprehensive acceptance of the Divine laws

can save us now. No partial ' transcendentalism', transcendental humanism, or any nationalism, however exalted, will do. ' My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord.' The long-standing attempts to justify the ways of man to God have hopelessly failed. The events of 6th August, 1945, proved conclusively that the offer of redemption made nearly two thousand years ago has been rudely rejected. For all we know, it may soon be too late for repentance.

But Professor Knight believes that ' There is a golden age ahead, though to win through to it may be hard. The sufferings of peace—for they will prove no less arduous than those of war—will be the workshop and smithies for forging out this new thing, for bringing nearer " that far-off divine event " to which, in Tennyson's words, " the whole creation moves " ; that which at once justifies and crowns our agonised experience—man, not as he is, but as he shall be, whose unborn ghost even now tinges with glory every lover's delight ; for love alone fathoms creation's purpose.' This is the prophetic voice that rang out so truly in his greatest book *The Christian Renaissance* ; this the voice we—and he—can safely trust. ' Love alone fathoms creation's purpose.'

Paper-Covers

Poetic Inspiration by W. F. Jackson Knight (Raleigh Press, 2s.), sets out to suggest an ' approach ' to Virgil, since its province is not so much to provide a history of the Mantuan as a collection of different testimonies which may elucidate some of the problems raised by his works. The subject becomes, as it were, the object, and its main import centres round an analysis of great poetry. In the execution of it the author summons up personal experiences as well as those of his friends, quotes from both *Lilliput* and the *Sunday Times*, and calls upon Pindar and Eliot to bear him evidence. Commenting upon how in the fifth century B.C., after the failure of an Athenian expedition, the Sicilians released all those who could recite from Euripides, he is able to connect this with an incidence of a few years ago, when some Chinese bandits treated a journalist favourably simply because he knew some poems they liked. These historical echoes permeate the thesis, so that the cumulative effect is like that of a man who after a dusty trek suddenly stumbles in the sand, grasps at a wild flower, and in that instant sees eternity in the palm of his hand. It is a re-creation of the poetic mood—a new achievement in critical writing.

Jerome Savonarola by Monsignor John O'Connor (Blackfriars Publications, 2s.), is a short chronological account, written with a vigour worthy of its subject, of the life of the Dominican friar whose fanaticism or sanctity has been discussed by scholars ever since his death at the stake in 1498. The narrative is a timely one, for despite the fame of Professor Villari's fascinating study, there is too little generally known about this compelling figure, whose influence spread not only to the common people to whom he preached, but also to a saint as noble as Philip Neri and an artist as sublime as Michelangelo. His contemporary, the chronicler Philip Commines, tells us that ' never had any preacher enjoyed so much authority in a city', and we know that when he preached men fell down at his feet and wept ; we may call this fanaticism, but in the perspective of history it has profound significance for Europe on the eve of the Reformation. That he was a man of heroic virtue, the present commentary leaves us in no doubt. His teaching, his trial, ' very like the trial of our Lord ', and his death were perhaps portents of the coming disaster for Christendom : if men had listened, one cannot say what the course of history might have been. But this is speculation, and here we have facts. It is, as Monsignor O'Connor says, a waste of good white-wash to excuse the Pope, Alexander VI : there have been worse men, but not many, and there have been abler men, but not many. That Savonarola should have to name such a Pope his enemy was not only his misfortune, but also the misfortune of the whole Church militant. For we fight not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of this world of darkness ; but whatever the outcome of his struggle, for Savonarola there can have been little doubt of its result.

THE ATOMIC IMPACT

A noiseless flash followed by a thunderous bang introduced man to a new world of physics. An event as startling as the discovery that the world was round had been made. Yet like all discoveries it carried certain responsibilities. Since these responsibilities have been shirked, the attention of all readers is drawn not only to the foregoing notice on Professor Wilson Knight's study of ' the sun-bomb ', but also to four other equally important books : *God and the Atom* by Ronald Knox (Sheed & Ward, 7s. 6d.), *Programme for Survival* by Lewis Mumford (Secker & Warburg, 3s. 6d.), *Hiroshima* by John Hersey (Penguin Books, 1s.), and more recently, *Man and the Atom* by C. E. Vulliamy (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). Unanimously these writers, without compromise condemn—either by direct or implied statements—the condition of mind that sanctioned the use of such a weapon. Monsignor Knox early in his commentary suggests : ' . . . would it not have been possible to introduce the new weapon by dropping it on some unfrequented mountainside, and asking the Japanese whether they wanted to go on with the war after that ?' Evidently not. The bomb once having been dropped a precedent was created for its wholesale use. Moreover, the consequences of such an action become fully apparent in a discussion recorded by Mumford and held by the United States Committee for Atomic Energy. In it the Chairman, Senator MacMahon, brought forward a hypothesis : Suppose a country is *suspected* of having launched forty such bombs, would the United States be justified in retaliating with 10,000 bombs ? The answer given by General Groves was in the affirmative. The Chairman interrupted : ' But they might be innocent.' *Groves* : 'Well if they are innocent . . .' *Senator Russell* : ' They are out of luck.' Exactly. Although such information has been made public, many who are appalled at the gouging out of Gloucester's eyes in *King Lear*, are prepared to lean back sipping ' atom cocktails ' whilst they applaud the American airman's action like a music hall turn. They might instead profitably read Hersey's comment : ' . . . their eyesockets were hollow, the fluid from their melted eyes had run down their cheeks. (They must have had their faces upturned when the bomb went off . . .) ' Precisely, for as Vulliamy says, the use of the bomb in the event of another conflict will mean that ' all the mechanisms of a civilized life will have been destroyed, and the more dreadful destruction will have taken place in the human mind ; the utter destruction of all hope, all faith, all grace and unity, all trust in the goodness of men, all desire to rebuild a moral society ' . . . ' and it was a decision, pray remember, as much English as German, as much American as Japanese. It represents a state of mind ; a state of mind ingloriously identical in every country that boasted of civilization.'

These books prompt the following statements : that the principle of atomic warfare ultimately means :—(i) complete human annihilation ; (ii) the destruction of man's conscience ; (iii) the break-up of all moral law and order. On these grounds the Directorate of *The Wind and the Rain* invites all those who agree wholly or partially with these conclusions to subscribe to a motion that ATOMIC ENERGY SHOULD NEVER AGAIN BE USED FOR PURPOSES OF WARFARE. Such petitions should be sent direct to local Members of Parliament or to these offices where they will be forwarded. Those who believe such efforts are vain, should remember the eventual results of Victor Gollancz's campaign to ' Save Europe—Now.'

Finally, world control of atomic power is only possible if it is freely chosen by the people and is not today the prerogative of the G man, tomorrow of the Commissar. It must be remembered that peace can never be achieved at somebody else's expense : often it is only gained through self-sacrifice. ' Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

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